

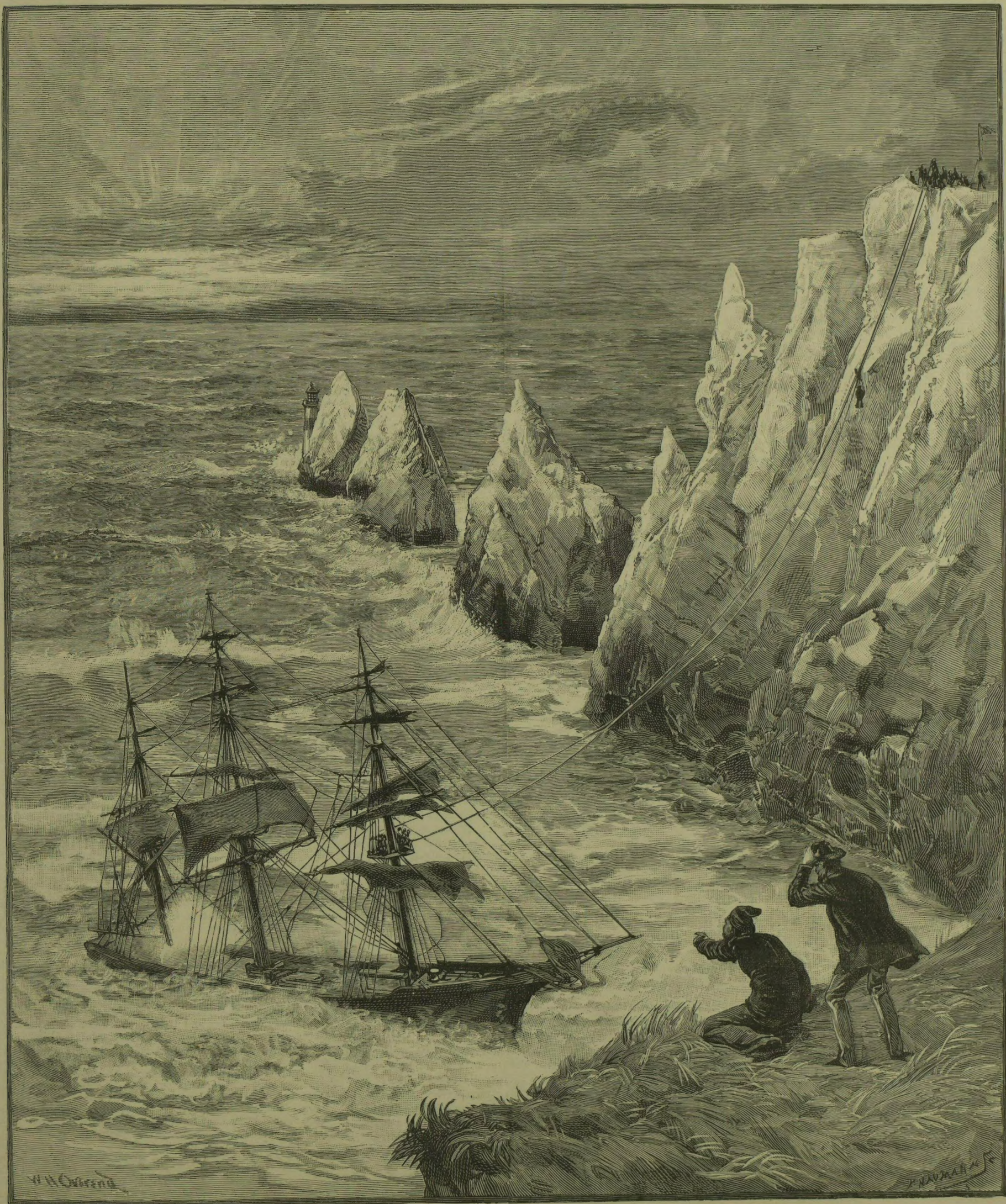
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WRECK OF THE IREX AT THE NEEDLES, ISLE OF WIGHT: RESCUE OF THE CREW.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The Matrimonial Agency at Plymouth (unfortunately no nearer home than Pennsylvania) promises great things for the fair sex. It undertakes to protect marriageable ladies from undesirable matches by making "private and discreet" but thoroughgoing inquiries into the "social status, moral standing, pecuniary liabilities, and personal habits" of any gentleman courted by a lady client. Let us hope these investigations will not be too exhaustive, as it may result in there being no matrimonial alliances at all; but, if conducted with charity as well as caution, the system seems "to fill an obvious void," as the advertisements say, in the marriage market. For, as matters stand, there is, it must be confessed, in nine cases out of ten, a complete ignorance on the part of the lady as to the character of her swain. It will be said, of course, that there is just as much ignorance on the other side, and that the poor, simple, innocent man has just as much need of an agency to protect him as his proposed fiancée; but that is a statement that imposes upon nobody (except, perhaps, on the beloved object herself, whose rose-coloured views of her lover sometimes suffuse the whole opposite sex), and least of all on those who utter it. The longer a man lives (unless it is to that extremity of maturity in which he marries his cook), the more he disbelieves, if he has any honesty about him, in the Designing Female of tender years. She may conceal from him a good many little things, such as her temper, for instance, or even the fact that so far as he personally is concerned she doesn't care twopence about him—but she knows far less of him, we may be sure, than he knows of her. There are plenty of her own sex who are quite willing to furnish him with information on that matter; they have no fear before their eyes of libel, or of being horse-whipped; and if he has few opportunities of observing her at home, she has fewer still, and none at all when he is *not* at home: not necessarily abroad, but "out." Marriage may be as much a lottery in the one case as in the other, but one of the parties—though the cynic may lie to the contrary till he is black in the face—is absolutely blindfold, and the other is not. The agency has, therefore, so far, got the right (let us say) guinea-pig by the ear. It is the lady who is in need of its protection. A committee of three, it seems, probably for the convenience of a casting vote, is told off to make the necessary investigations. If the lover's character survives this frightful ordeal, the lady receives the welcome information from the secretary of the society, just as we get our "elected" from the official of a club. It is probably on vellum, illuminated, and stitched with pink ribbon. If he is blackballed, the news is broken to her with all the tenderness the society can command. One's only fear is that when the suitor is very much in love, or the match is an exceptionally good one, he would find the "squaring" the agency a very much easier feat (to say the least of it) than that of "squaring the circle."

It is stated that the nursing sisterhood of St. Vincent have escaped the influenza by reason of the restriction that is made by the rules of their order against kissing. "Salutations" (as the reverend Mother decorously calls them) "are in cold weather the fertile causes of throat and pulmonary disease, and in fine weather cause loss of time, and take the mind from the object on which it should be set." This may be the case in a sisterhood, but where the sexes are mixed "the object" does not seem to be so lost sight of in this practice. Our medical contemporary the *Hospital* corroborates the conventual view, but especially confines its objection to "the perfectly senseless habit of kissing one another that women indulge in." It does not affirm that kissing is senseless under all conditions. The only person who has had the courage to say that was Jean Pierre Camus, Bishop of Bellay, who not only anathematised the practice, but wrote certain tales to inspire "horror and disgust of Love," of which Southey, in his quaint and quiet way, observes, "I should like to read them." A contemporary of his wrote this rondeau upon kissing:—

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in;
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.

It is probable, if he had lived in these days, that the bard would have risked the influenza if she would only have done it again.

A new crime is something for the discovery of which the sensational novelist is always ready to give something, but the article is, unhappily (that is, for *him*), exceedingly rare. It is quite extraordinary how contented are even the most reckless and impatient natures with the same old crimes in which they have indulged from their youth up; to us, who have nothing to do with wickedness, but are, so to speak, retained upon the other side, there is something contemptible in such resignation; it is certain, let the admirers of the criminal classes say what they please, that the charm of novelty is wanting to them: still, now and then, though little may come of it, there is a gleam of originality in their proceedings, a flash in the pan of turpitude. Some poor shipwrecked creatures, cast upon St. Paul's Island—a locality very much out of the way, and unrecommended (strange to say) even as a health-resort—have learnt this to their cost. On this desolate and arid spot Government has placed food and water for the very purpose of succouring unfortunate people in like straits, and they naturally expected to find them. It is stated, however, that whalers visit the island and, though in no need themselves, carry off these supplies! If this is not a new crime, it is a hitherto unknown exaggeration of an old one, and is certainly worthy of record

for its exceeding baseness. There are men in this country who will steal from a blind man or rob a poor-box; but it is almost incredible that human beings, for the sake of a paltry gain, should deprive their fellow-creatures of their small chance of life under such sad conditions. If the charge be true, too, it is to be noted that it is not one that affects the individual only, but many persons. What must be the standard of morality and good taste—what we call in public schools the "tone"—among the crew of a whaler which goes about robbing "supply stations"?

The castaways of the Holt Hill (as their vessel was called) on St. Paul had other melancholy disappointments—for once a ship came so near that they could see "the man at the wheel," and then sheered off—and endured privations such as would not be credited even in a boys' book of adventure. The most graphic incident is the description of the lighting of the single match the cook had in his pocket, the missing fire of which would have meant death to the whole thirty-two of them, already half frozen by the cold. What a picture would that scene have made, with their shivering forms and anxious faces, protecting their one lucifer from the wind! Fortunately, science was not sufficiently advanced on board the Holt Hill for her to carry matches that lit only on the box.

One is glad to read that the "drum ecclesiastic," beaten so ruthlessly by the Salvation Army, has been finally pronounced to be an unlawful weapon. For the Salvationists themselves there is much to be said; but with their passion for noise it is impossible to sympathise. Moreover, when, as often happens, they refuse to leave off drumming when horses attached to vehicles full of women and children are frightened by it, and still more often when they are told that there are sick persons within hearing, it is quite evident that religion and good-feeling, at all events, have nothing to do with their clamour. The prohibition will, of course, be called "persecution"; but invalids who have suffered from the Salvation drum, or persons who have been run away with (not in the sense of rapture) by it, may also reasonably apply the word to their own case. To friends of the sick I have always advised pricking the drum (which can be done far quicker than spiking a gun); but it is much better for all parties that the law should have thus performed that operation for them.

Among the advertisements this week for tutors in a school I extract the three following, as curiously illustrative of the importance now attached to athletic accomplishments. Some of us are old enough to remember when there used to be some reference made to teaching in describing educational requirements; but the great aim in school life is now the development of the biceps or the increase of the calf. No. I. "Gentleman—good football player—must be a Churchman." One has read of "a Churchman first and an Englishman afterwards," and some disapprove of the order of the qualification; but the putting the football player before the Churchman is surely going too much the other way. It almost seems as if the ecclesiastical proviso was put in as an afterthought. In No. II. the same omission appears to have occurred, but to have been made up for by the force of the adjective, "Good at games, Churchman essential." The word "good," though rather colloquial, is excellent; "games" is a little vague, since it includes baccarat. No. III. dispenses with muscular Christianity altogether, and is muscular only. "Gentleman and Cricketer essential." This is probably a survival of the old form, "Gentleman and Scholar," now only applied to persons who make Latin quotations in the House of Commons. In the tutorial advertisements of French schools, where the gymnasium is in vogue, the "gentleman and Churchman" doubtless disappear, and for "cricketer" we read "acrobat essential," which somehow sounds strange to English ears.

Before a London Magistrate the greatest knaves in the universe are said at one time or another to present themselves, but he also sees a very fine selection of the other class into which society is divided. A gentleman looked in at a police-court the other day to ask his Worship to be so good as to help him to get rid of his four children, as "they interfered with his business avocations." He was not unreasonable, for he added that "if he could get them into a school or something he should not mind paying a little." A good deal, supposing it to have been satisfactory, hung upon his Worship's reply. There are many of us whose "avocations" (and especially the want of one) are very much complicated by similar incumbrances. It was very disappointing that all the Magistrate had to remark was that the applicant "must look after his children the same as others have to do." He left the court very much chagrined, and inquiring (but in a low tone) why a man should have fifteen hundred a year and a retiring pension, who could give a fellow-creature no better advice than that?

An Oxford divine proposes that all "rationalistic" works shall henceforth be published in the Latin tongue, so that the faith of those persons only who have received a classical education shall be imperilled. It is supposed, one concludes, that a long course of Lempriere, and its great originals, leaves the mind in so parlous a state that it is not likely to be demoralised by anything. This hardly seems to be complimentary to the classics; but the reverend gentleman's idea, in itself, is admirable. Why, however, restrict it to "rationalistic works"? How excellent it would be if all the nauseous intelligence printed in a newspaper—often in the teeth of its editor, but "how can he exclude what other journals insert?"—were presented in the Latin tongue! It is quite certain that the effect, at least, would be, among a large class, the promotion of learning, while purer minds would at once know where to stop, and inquire no further. One might even add that if nine tenths of the platform speeches, and half the criticisms, and all the prescriptions for the influenza (which really *should* be in Latin), and all the letters on bimetalism

were "veiled in the obscurity of a learned language," the gaiety of this nation would be sensibly increased.

In "Young Mistle" we were introduced to a hero taken from the Foreign Office; in "Suspense," by the same author, a war correspondent is invested with equally admirable attributes. This is as it should be, and shows the fairness of the novelist: for those who stick up for the Civil Service of their country are generally slow to admire our Press, and vice versa. Never has "the Special" been delineated in such spotless raiment—"clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful"—as in "Suspense." For philosophic coolness one does not know which to admire most, himself or his "editor"; the confidence between them is complete, and it is clear that "the huge head" of the latter is never made to shake over that painful item in the Special's bill—the mortality in riding-horses. What business Theo Trist had to lead a Turkish sally at Plevna is never made plain—it was certainly not his duty to "his paper"; but when a necessity for a catastrophe in the third volume arises, all other things must give place. The book gives the same impression of originality as its predecessor—"Young Mistle"—and, except for a little excess of self-sacrifice, is equally attractive.

WRECK OF THE IREX.

Her Majesty the Queen, on Saturday, Feb. 1, at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, received the officers and men of the Coast Guard and of the Royal Artillery who aided, with the Totland Bay life-boat and the rocket for casting a rope to the ship, in saving the lives of the crew of the ship Irex, wrecked at the Needles on Saturday, Jan. 25. The Irex, of Greenock, 2248 tons, was a three-masted steel ship, bound to Rio de Janeiro, which during the gale in the Channel ran ashore, in Scratchall's Bay, at ten o'clock that night. The crew, who numbered thirty-four, besides two stowaways, attempted to launch a boat, but without success, and the master and mate lost their lives. Captain Hutton was the master, and Mr. Irvine the chief mate. The vessel stuck fast, and the crew took to the rigging, where they had to remain all night and the greater part of next day. About midday the vessel was seen, and a life-boat left Totland Bay for the wreck in tow of a steamer. But all endeavours to get to the Irex were fruitless, owing to the tremendous sea, and the life-boat returned. Subsequently, with the aid of the rocket apparatus, a line was fixed on board, and a hawser was passed to the wreck. Fifteen men were by these means landed on the cliff before dark on the Sunday evening; and by midnight all but one were got to shore. One of these poor fellows had an arm and leg broken some days before during a heavy gale, and, being so disabled, was washed out of the fore-castle and drowned, his shipmates being unable to help him. One boy fell from the upper rigging, a distance of 90 ft., to the deck of the ship. The water broke his fall, and he clambered up the rigging again, but only to fall a second time, when he was caught by a wave and washed overboard and drowned. The ship was distant 450 yards from the top of the cliff.

The men presented to her Majesty, who expressed her approval of their conduct, were Mr. Richard Spilman and Mr. Stone, chief boatmen at Totland Bay, with William Allister, Richard Barrett, Harry Mayo, James Mackin, Arthur McGill, Henry Kelly, and William Kelcher; Mackin having gone off to the ship on a buoy slung from the hawser, while the others, slung from the top of the cliff, assisted the men brought ashore to get over the edge; besides the artillerymen, Master Gunner Lloyd, Sergeant-Major A. Thompson, Sergeant Wilnot, Bombardiers Reive, Kingston, and Reynolds, and Gunners Devonport and Thornlow, who worked the rocket apparatus under the orders of Major Playfair and Major Walford. Colonel Owen, commanding the Royal Artillery, Captain Brooke, C.B., of H.M.S. *Invincible*, and Commander Osborne, R.N., were also present, and had the honour of being received by the Queen. Mr. Charles Reid, the second mate of the Irex, the only officer saved, with seven of the crew, were presented to her Majesty, who spoke very kindly to them.

We are indebted to Colonel Crozier of Westhill, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, for two photographs, and to Mr. W. S. Nicholson, Eastmore, Yarmouth, for a sketch, which have served for the drawing of our illustration.

The Prince of Wales has appointed the Duke of Connaught to be Provincial Grand Master of the Mark Master Masons of Sussex.

Prince Albert Victor visited the Khyber Pass on Jan. 31, and subsequently presented the medals for the Black Mountain Expedition to the men of the Khyber Rifles who took part in it.

Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) has signified to Sir James D. Linton (chairman of the council) her acceptance of the office of President of the Drawing Society of Great Britain.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of Colonel Sir W. F. Butler, K.C.B., to the command of the British troops in Alexandria, from March 1, in succession to Lord Frankfort De Montmorency. Sir W. F. Butler is to have the local rank of brigadier-general.

The Earl of Zetland held his first Levée as Lord Lieutenant at Dublin Castle on Feb. 4. There was an unusually large attendance of nobility, gentry, heads of Government Departments, judicial dignitaries, officers of the Army, Navy, and Civil Service, and others.

Lady Mostyn presented, on Feb. 4, a silver medal of the second class to Benjamin Evans, coxswain, and medals of the third class to the crew of the Point of Ayr life-boat, awarded by the Norwegian Government for rescuing the crew, numbering twenty, of the Norwegian ship Mount Pleasant, which broke away from a tug and drifted on to the West Hoyle Bank, at the entrance to the river Dee, on Oct. 7 last.

Mr. Parnell's action for libel against the *Times* was settled on Feb. 3. A jury having been sworn, Mr. Asquith stated that Mr. Parnell would accept a verdict in his favour with £5000 damages, and, as counsel for the defendant assented to this, a verdict was returned accordingly, with the damages agreed upon. The Lord Chief Justice, in giving judgment, certified for a special jury. The record in the action brought by Mr. H. Campbell, M.P., against the same paper was withdrawn.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Bishops of London, Oxford, Rochester, and Salisbury sitting as his assessors, and Sir James Deane, Vicar-General, opened his Court, in the Library at Lambeth Palace, on Feb. 4, to try the allegations against the Bishop of Lincoln as to Ritualistic practices. Evidence of the position of the Bishop while celebrating the Communion, of his having lighted candles in daylight on the altar, and other alleged illegal practices, was given, after which Sir H. Davey addressed the Primate on the illegality of these acts, and had not concluded when the Court adjourned.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The prize-winners in the great lottery of the Paris Exhibition have been announced, and the individual who bought a ticket numbered 693,843 is the happy possessor of diamonds worth £8000.—Dr. Gerhard, the senior member of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, died recently, at the age of eighty-one. He was in active practice to the end, and had been so for fifty-two years at Strasburg.

King Carlos of Portugal received on Feb. 1 a deputation from the Lisbon Geographical Society, who presented a protest against the British ultimatum. A patriotic crowd wrecked the Circus at Lisbon on the same day. The reason was that, in a pantomime entitled "Portugal in Africa," a clown, impersonating Major Serpa Pinto, handled the national flag, which was deemed an insult to it. The *Daily News* special correspondent at Lisbon telegraphs that many English clerks in Portugal have been discharged since the beginning of the anti-English crusade.

The élite of Madrid Society took part, on Jan. 31, according to the *Standard* correspondent, in one of the most imposing demonstrations ever witnessed in Madrid. A Levée was held at the Palace in celebration of the King's recovery to health. Three thousand persons passed through the Throne Room before the Queen-Regent, who received, with much gratification, loyal addresses from the Senate and Congress, and congratulations from all classes of her son's subjects. All the foreign Ambassadors were present at the Levée. A Drawing-room which followed was numerously attended by the ladies of the aristocracy.—The Duke de Montpensier, fifth son of King Louis Philippe, and father of the late Queen Mercedes of Spain, died suddenly on Feb. 4, at his residence near Seville.

M. Keuchenius, Minister of the Colonies for the Netherlands, has tendered his resignation, in consequence of the rejection by the First Chamber of the Colonial clause in the State Budget.

The German Emperor has conferred on Hanover the title of a capital and Royal city. Prince Henry of Prussia, only brother of the Emperor, and popularly known in Germany as "the German Sailor Prince," has arrived at Malta, on his return from a tour in the East.

Jan. 30 being the anniversary of the death of the Crown Prince Rudolph, the Emperor Francis Joseph went early in the morning to the Church of the Capuchins, and remained in prayer for a long time at his son's coffin, which is in the crypt, the Empress and the Archduchess Valérie being present at the same time at private mass in the Joseph's Chapel in the Hofburg. The other members of the Imperial House and other distinguished mourners attended service at the Hofburg Church. In Vienna, and indeed in the whole country, the day was devoted to the memory of the late Crown Prince. In every church in town and country memorial services have been held. All the Vienna newspapers devoted leading articles to the memory of his Imperial Highness, and, besides touching on the irreparable loss the country sustained by his untimely death, extolled his many engaging qualities.—The Austrian Reichsrath reassembled on Feb. 3. The Session, which will be closed in April, will be devoted principally to the discussion of the Budget.

A fire was discovered on the morning of Feb. 3 at Washington, in the residence of Mr. Tracy, the Secretary of the Navy. Mrs. Tracy died of suffocation, in her endeavours to save her husband; and one of her daughters, as well as a servant, were burned. Others were much injured.—The President and the members of the Cabinet attended the funeral of Mr. Tracy's wife and daughter from the White House on the 5th. The Lord Mayor of London sent Mr. Tracy a telegram expressing the deep sympathy of the citizens of London.—New York celebrated on the 4th the centenary of the establishment of the United States Supreme Court. Many Judges and prominent men from all parts of the country were present.—The formal recognition of the Brazilian Republic by the United States was completed on Jan. 29. President Harrison received the new Minister, Senhor Valente, and Special Envoy of the Provisional Government, Senhor de Mendonca.—Marie Parsons, a girl of ten years, has been presented with a silver medal by the Government for having rescued a man and woman from drowning.—The Irish National League in America has decided, on the advice of Mr. Parnell, not to hold a convention at present. The League is shown, by the report of the auditing committee, to have received since the last convention, in August 1886, 258,000 dols., of which over 237,000 dols. have been sent to Ireland.

Sir H. B. Loch, Governor of Cape Colony, in the course of his tour through the colony, visited Algoa Bay and Grahamstown, where he met with a most enthusiastic reception. His Excellency afterwards proceeded to visit the towns in Kaffirland.—Sir Gordon Sprigg, the Premier, speaking at a banquet given in honour of the Governor of Grahamstown, said that the obstacles raised by the Transvaal to the extension of the railway beyond Bloemfontein had to a great extent been removed. The Premier also stated that a further agreement with the British South Africa Company had been signed, the effect of which would be the extension of the railway to Mafeking within three years, thus commencing a trunk line from Colonial ports to the Zambesi.

THE LATE MR. JUSTICE MANISTY.

Sir Henry Manisty, one of the Judges of the High Court of Justice, who on Jan. 24 was struck with paralysis while on the bench, died on the 31st in his eighty-second year. He was son of the Rev. James Manisty, Vicar of Edlingham, Northumberland, and was educated at Durham Grammar School. At the age of twenty-three he began practice as a solicitor, but gave it up in 1842, and studied for the Bar, being called at Gray's Inn in 1845. After twelve years at the Bar, he was made Queen's Counsel, and twenty-one years later, at the age of sixty-eight, he was appointed by Lord Cairns a Judge of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. On the same occasion he received the honour of knighthood.

The Judges assembled in the Lord Chief Justice's Court on Feb. 3, when the Attorney-General, on behalf of the Bar, paid a warm tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Justice Manisty. Lord Coleridge also dwelt on the loss sustained by the Bench, and said it would be difficult to find a successor who possessed in an equal degree those qualities which were manifested by the deceased Judge.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. G. Jerrard, of the Claudet Studio, Regent-street.

LIEUTENANT STAIRS, R.E.

The second in command of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition under Mr. H. M. Stanley, after the assassination of Major Barttelot in July 1887, was Lieutenant W. E. Stairs, an officer of the Royal Engineers, attached to the School of Military Engineering at Chatham, from which he had leave of absence to accompany this expedition. He was born in 1863, at Halifax, Nova Scotia, but was educated at Edinburgh, at the Merchiston Castle School, passed through the Canadian Military College at Kingston, Ontario, subsequently went to New



LIEUTENANT W. E. STAIRS, R.E.,
SECOND IN COMMAND OF MR. STANLEY'S AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

Zealand, and was there employed two years in engineering, after which he returned home and joined the Royal Engineers.

When Mr. Stanley, on June 28, 1887, left Major Barttelot in command of the rear column with the stores at Yambuya, and set forth with the advance column to march through the forest to Lake Albert Nyanza, Lieutenant Stairs accompanied Mr. Stanley as second in command of the advance column; and no officer of the expedition performed greater services in that arduous march, or deserves a larger share of praise for its successful accomplishment. Mr. Stanley, in his letter of Aug. 31, 1889, bears testimony to the intelligence and ability of Lieutenant Stairs, who also seems to have had to do a good deal of the fighting with hostile native tribes.

On Aug. 13, 1887, at Air Sibba, about halfway between Panya Falls and the Nepoko, the natives attacked the camp in a resolute and determined fashion. Their stores of poisoned arrows, they thought, gave them every advantage; and, indeed, when the poison is fresh it is most deadly. Lieutenant Stairs and five men were wounded by these arrows; but Lieutenant Stairs' wound, just below the heart, was from

an arrow the poison of which was dry—it must have been put on some days before. After three weeks or so he recovered strength, though the wound was not closed for months. One man who received a slight puncture near the wrist died from tetanus five days after. Another received a puncture near the shoulder in the muscles of the arm, and died six hours later than the first case—of tetanus also. One was wounded in the gullet—a slight puncture—he died on the seventh day. There was much curiosity to know what this poison might be, and on returning from the Nyanza to relieve the rear column some one, rummaging among the huts, found several packets of dried red ants, or pismires. It was then discovered that the dried bodies of these, and of still more venomous insects, caterpillars, and spiders, ground into powder, cooked in palm oil, and smeared over the wooden points of the arrows, made the poisons by which not only men but the largest animals can be killed with terrible sufferings.

Happily, Lieutenant Stairs' life was preserved, and he was able, in about a month, to do active service. On Dec. 11, in Mazamboni's country, he commanded the larger force, while Mr. Jephson led another detachment, to drive away a host of enemies attempting to stop the expedition as it came near the lake. Lieutenant Stairs was afterwards sent back from Ibwire to Kilinga Longa's village, to bring up the boat and stores; and was employed in erecting Fort Bodo, of which he was left in command on June 16, 1888, when Mr. Stanley went back to the Aruwimi to look for the rear column. In February 1889, after bringing down the remainder of the forces to Kavalli, on the Lake shore, when Emin Pasha and Mr. Jephson had at last quitted the stations on the Nile, Lieutenant Stairs aided in preparing for the final departure of the expedition. His presence with it subsequently, when the important geographical discoveries were made which we noticed last week—those of the position of the southern lake, Albert Edward Nyanza, and Ruwenzori, the "Mountains of the Moon"—added much to the scientific value of the explorations already described. Lieutenant Stairs, who ascended Ruwenzori to the height of 10,677 ft., has written an exact report of his observations; and the fine View of that mountain which we have published is from a sketch by his hand.

Our Portrait of Lieutenant Stairs is from a photograph by Mr. Valery, 164, Regent-street.

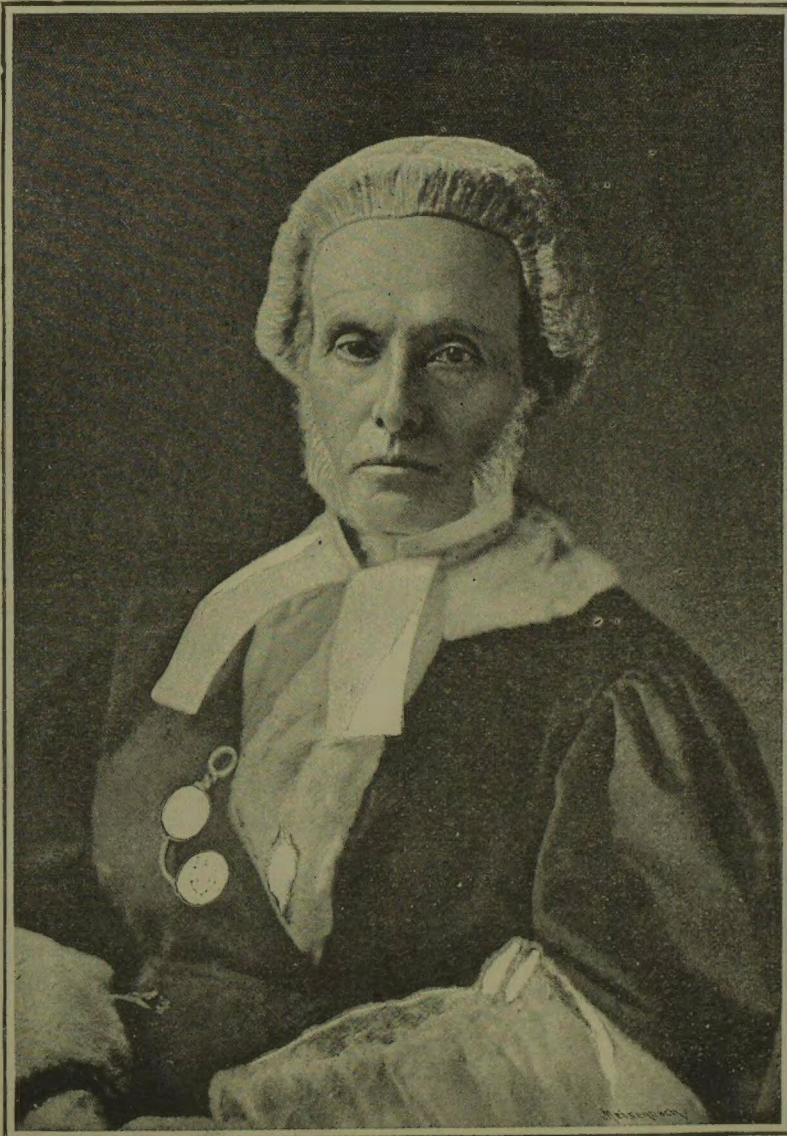
ELECTRIC LIGHTING OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The introduction of the electric light in the galleries of the British Museum, the eastern and western parts of which, alternately, are now opened to the public in the evenings, was pronounced a complete success by the large and distinguished company admitted to the private view on Tuesday, Jan. 28. Both arc and glow lamps are employed, the former in the galleries on the ground floor, containing Greek and Roman sculpture, the Elgin marbles, and Assyrian and other antiquities, as well as in some of the galleries on the upper floor. The glow lamps have been fixed in the long suite of bronze and vase rooms on the west, and in the ethnographical gallery on the east of the upper floor.

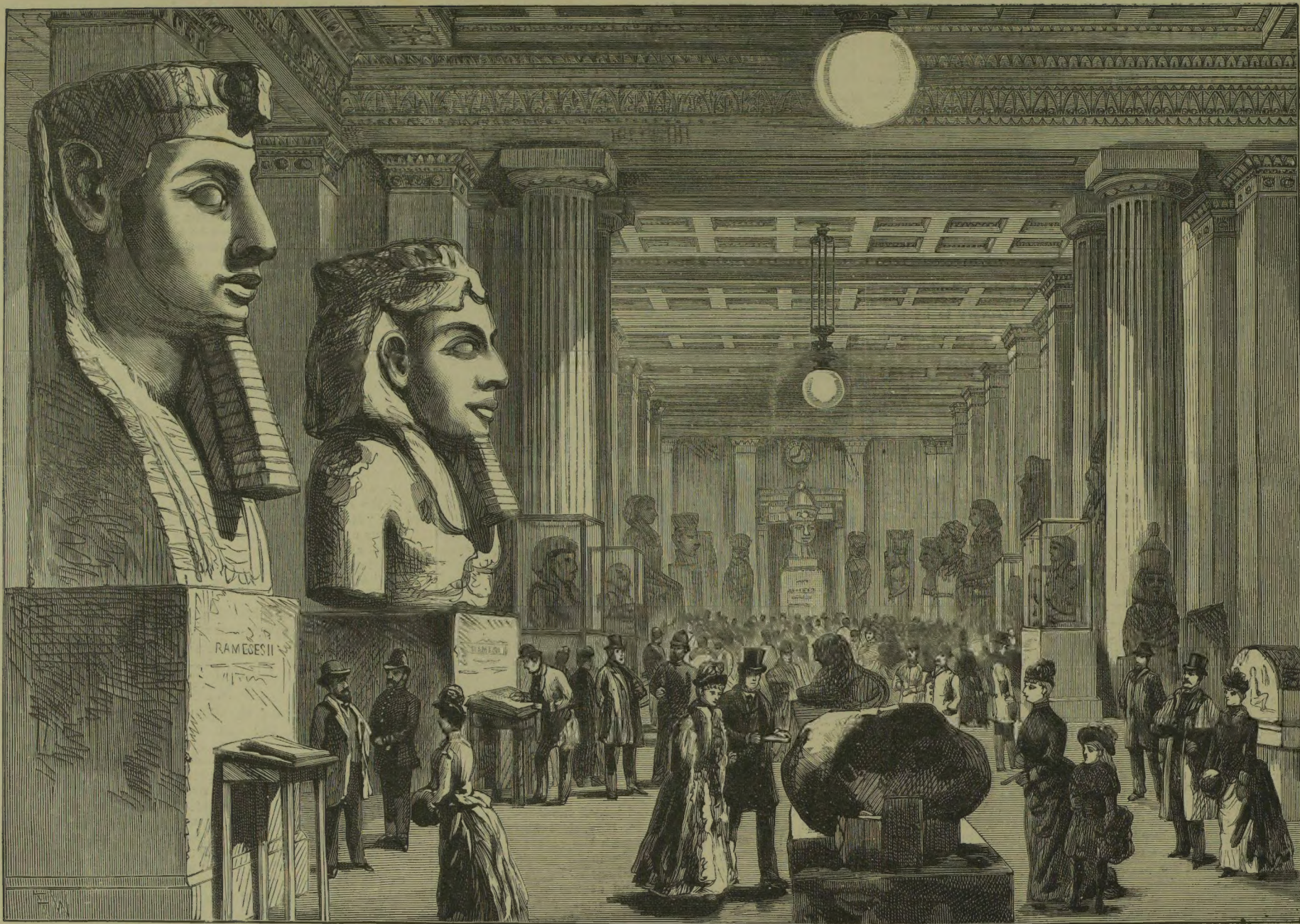
In the galleries on the ground floor there are 69 arc lamps of various powers, while on the upper floor there are 57 arc and 627 glow lamps. In addition to these there are five large arc lamps in the reading-room, six in the courtyard, and upwards of 200 glow lamps in the offices and passages. The current required to work the lamps is generated by four Siemens dynamo machines, which are connected to a general switchboard in the engine-room, by means of which they can be put to work in parallel to any or all of the circuits. The switchboard is fitted with instruments indicating the current given off by each dynamo, and four circuits are led from it round the Museum—two for the upper and two for the lower floor. The main wires are laid outside the building. In order to insure safety and to guard, as far as possible, against failure of light, the motive power is in duplicate. The four dynamos are driven in pairs, each pair by a separate engine, with a separate countershaft. Each engine has a separate steam-pipe in direct communication with the boilers, and there is an ample reserve of boiler power. The power of the engines and dynamos is so adjusted that each of the two sets is capable of working the whole of the lamps in those galleries proposed to be lighted on any one evening, the other set standing by ready to work. In order to work, if required, at half-power, or to provide half-light for the galleries, the lamps are connected in pairs alternately, so that, half of the number being cut off, the light of the other half remains evenly distributed. The engines have been supplied and erected by Messrs. Marshall, Sons, and Co., of Gainsborough; and the electrical work executed by Messrs. Siemens Brothers and Co.

WAITING FOR PASSPORTS AT DELAGOA BAY.

The complaints and censures of Portuguese colonial administration on the eastern coasts of Africa can no longer be ascribed entirely to English ill-will; for the King of Portugal, at Lisbon, on Feb. 1, received a deputation from the Lisbon Geographical Society, including Portuguese merchants, scientific men, and officers of the Army and Navy, who accompanied their patriotic protest against the conduct of the British Government with the expression of a desire for reform in the management of the Portuguese colonies. It is understood that the new Ministry of Portugal has in contemplation some measures for that purpose; and, both at Mozambique and at Delagoa Bay, as well as on the Zambesi, there is great room for amendment, not only with regard to the civilisation of the native races, who derive no benefit whatever from the Portuguese official establishments, but also in facilities for trade. Our correspondent, Mr. Wallis Mackay, who was at Delagoa Bay last year, mentions among the other vexations and annoyances to which foreigners are exposed at that port the unnecessary delay of steamers, for hours after their appointed time of sailing, caused by the arbitrary behaviour of the officials whose duty it is to inspect and certify the passports for passengers by those vessels. We scarcely venture to hope that, with the present temper of the Portuguese towards the English, this grievance will speedily be remedied in consequence of our publication of Mr. Wallis Mackay's Sketch of the passengers kept waiting. But it may serve as a caution not to visit Delagoa Bay except when compelled by the most urgent business to go there.



THE LATE HON. SIR HENRY MANISTY, JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

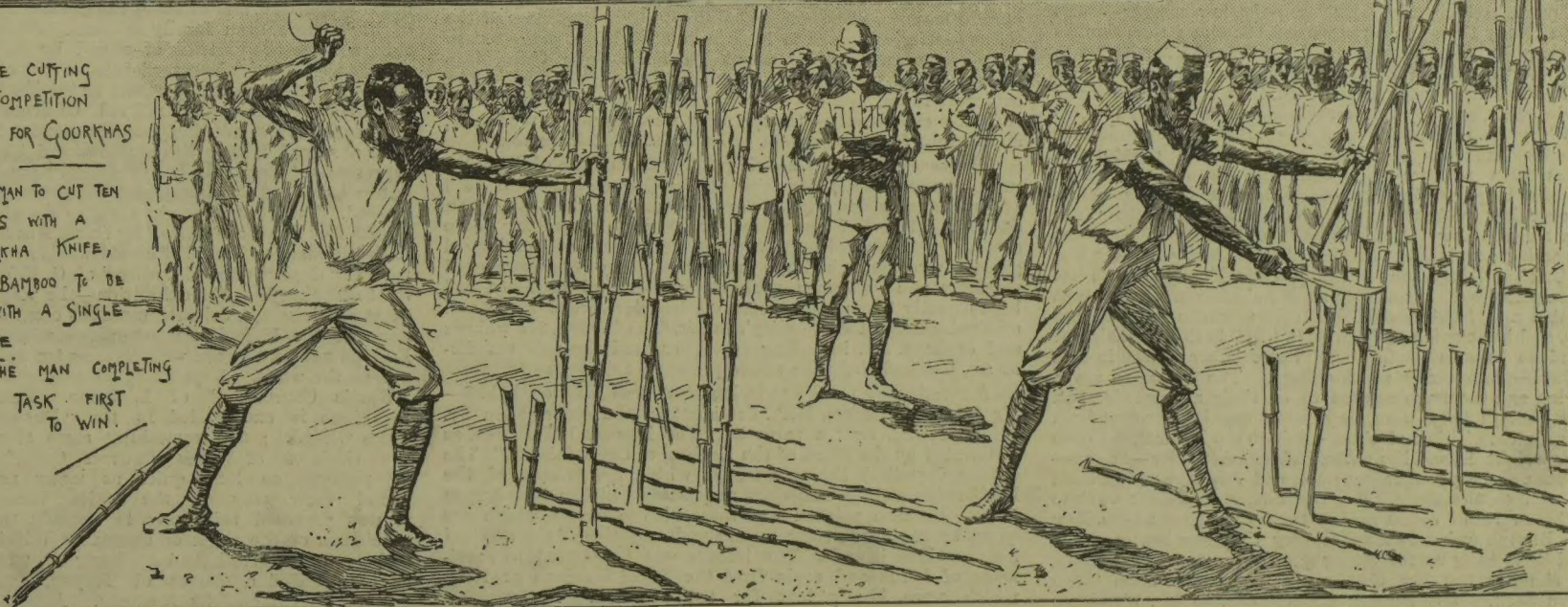


ELECTRIC LIGHTING OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



THE PORTUGUESE IN AFRICA: STEAM-SHIP PASSENGERS WAITING FOR PASSPORTS AT DELAGOA BAY.

SKETCH BY MR. WALLIS MACKAY.

V.C. RACE FOR
MULETEERS—EACH MAN TO
RESCUE A
GRAM-BAG
RIDING A MULE
BARE-BACKEDDINNER-CHRISTMAS DAY
IN A
BAMBOO HUTONE OF
THE
SPECTATORSKOOKRIE CUTTING
COMPETITION
FOR GOORKHASEACH MAN TO CUT TEN
BAMBOOS WITH A
GOORKHA KNIFE,
EACH BAMBOO TO BE
CUT WITH A SINGLE
STROKETHE MAN COMPLETING
HIS TASK FIRST
TO WIN.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE LUSHAI EXPEDITION.—SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT H. W. E. COLE, 2ND GOORKHAS.

Our Illustrations this week, from sketches by Lieutenant H. W. E. Cole, of the 2nd Battalion 2nd Goorkhas, forming part of the expedition from Calcutta to subdue the Lushai hill-tribes, on the Chittagong side of the highland forest region between the Gulf of Bengal and the Chindwin, the western tributary of the Irrawaddy in Upper Burmah, acting simultaneously, as it seems, with the Chin expedition from the Burmese side, do not represent active hostilities, which had scarcely yet been commenced for the present season. Writing on Dec. 29, from the camp at Demagiri, to which place the expedition had proceeded up the Kurnafuli River, our Correspondent tells us of Christmas entertainments got up to cheer the

officers and troops; and these festivities, with the competitive sports of the Goorkhas and of the muleteers of the military baggage-train, are represented in his sketches. The officers ate their Christmas dinner in a commodious bamboo hut, sitting mostly on the deal packing-cases which had contained their stores of biscuit, canned meat from Chicago, and Bass's beer; their plates and dishes, mugs and glasses, fell short of the proper complement; and their Christmas pudding was dished up in an ordinary hand-basin. Nevertheless, there was good cheer in camp at Demagiri; and the health of friends in England was toasted with affectionate remembrance. The amusing sports of the nimble Goorkha soldiers, and of the

useful camp-followers, were designed to encourage their skill in the service; but the Goorkha has unequalled dexterity in wielding his national weapon, the "Kookrie," a broad, sharp-pointed, curved large knife, which in his hands is more terrible than a sword, and which is also the tool for cutting down bamboos to clear the jungle path. The muleteers, as will be seen, were practised in carrying bags of "gram," a species of grain, held before them as they rode at full speed, which is not so easy a feat as might be supposed by men who have never tried. The latest news of this expedition, to Feb. 2, consists of reconnaissances, opening roads, and laying telegraphs; and it is hoped to reach Haka by the end of March.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It is an old saying that no one is a worse judge of what is likely to be a success on the stage than an actor. Probably no one was more surprised at the sudden success of "Dr. Bill" at the Avenue than Mr. George Alexander and the artists he had engaged to do their best for what was only announced as a dramatic warming-pan, until the full managerial plan could be fairly developed. Mr. Alexander made no secret of what he intended to do. He had no idea of emulating the successes of the Criterion and Comedy Theatres, and farcical comedy never entered his head as the *raison d'être* of the new Avenue management. Mr. Alexander aspires to be a Leigh Murray, not a Charles Wyndham. He wanted to make his new playhouse a Gymnase, not a Palais Royal. So he secured the rights of Daudet's "Lutte pour la Vie"—which will require a good deal of "putting to rights" for the English stage, if all one reads about the play be true—and he engaged Miss Geneviève Ward for the important character of the young hero's handsome wife. This done, he set Mr. Horner and Mr. Robert Buchanan to work at the necessary adaptation, and he "cast about" for a new play with which to wile away the time until his own Adelphi engagement was over and the strong comedy-drama of modern life was ready. At this juncture who should turn up but Mr. Hamilton Aïdè, with a new play in his pocket. This gifted gentleman is a wondrous all-round man. He can write society novels and tell good ghost-stories; he can write song words, and compose music to them into the bargain; he is the author of plays as well as poems—but plays, mind you, of a serious character, and poems full of love and tenderness. Has he not written pretty modern comedies for Mrs. Kendal, and grim melodramas about people bricked up in monastic walls for Mr. Henry Irving? and is he not of the dilettante and delicate order of mind? The very last thing in the world, surely, to be expected from Mr. Hamilton Aïdè was a wild farcical comedy, full of light, but very little sweetness—a play that had to be very severely edited before it could be shown to Mr. Gilbert's young lady of fifteen who patronises the playhouse.

Well; it all happened in this wise. Mr. Hamilton Aïdè was straying at Aix-les-Bains a season or so ago, and there, strolling into the Casino one evening, was very much amused with a French farce called "Dr. Jo Jo." It had been produced in the spring of 1888 with indifferent success at an obscure Parisian playhouse, the Cluny—which theatre, by the way, has given the English stage more than one clever play. The play and the players, Dr. Jo Jo and all, might have passed out of Mr. Aïdè's head, had he not by some wonderful chance been introduced to M. Carré, the author of the farce, at the house of a popular physician, Dr. Brasher of Aix. A bargain was concluded, and the naughty "Dr. Jo Jo" was, not without difficulty, converted to respectability by the English dramatist. Once done, it was, of course, offered to Mr. Charles Wyndham. Who but that delightful actor could adequately represent the "rake's progress" from raffishness to respectability? What a doctor he would have made!—what a doctor he would have looked! How imitable he would have been when forced to dance the "kangaroo step" in his own consulting-room by an old patient in the ballet! How he would have revelled in the scene where Dr. Bill is locked up in the bath-room, in the dark, with his own mother-in-law! But Mr. Wyndham would have nothing to do with "Dr. Bill" or anyone like him. He was weary of going on the spree on the stage, and had settled definitely down to a serious course of David Garricks and John Mildmayes. Probably Mr. Aïdè never thought of Mr. Charles Hawtrey, who continues to be the "gay dog" of the stage, and might have made a fortune out of "Dr. Bill." At any rate, directly Mr. George Alexander heard the play read, he accepted it before the second act was over. And he was right, as it has turned out, for the play has been received with acclamation. On the whole, the cast is a very fair one; but it goes far to prove the intrinsic merits of the farce, as a farce, when I say that the story compels many to be funny who are not naturally gifted with much humour. Mr. Fred Terry has not, hitherto, been recognised as a comic actor. Miss Robins is essentially a serious actress. Young Mr. Benjamin Webster, who is an excellent elocutionist, pines for Shakspeare. Miss Carlotta Leclercq, in her younger days, was a romantic actress. And yet all these people find themselves tumbling head over heels in a rollicking farce, and all doing what they have to do remarkably well. But the success of the farce is Miss Fanny Brough. At last she has made the name that she has been patiently striving to make these many years, and has proved herself at once the most versatile and artistic actress on the stage. In all kinds of business—serious parts, comic parts, society parts, high comedy, middle comedy, low comedy—what has Miss Fanny Brough ever done on the stage that she has not done well? She can play anything, from Esther Eccles to the wildest "Mrs. John Wood" part ever written. Why has this gifted lady had to struggle so hard, from the day I first saw her—admirable, as she is admirable now—in Albery's "Two Thorns" at the St. James's? As an artist she is infinitely superior to hundreds who have made greater reputations. She has been a Fuchsia Leach who has had no rival; she made large audiences of miners and their wives howl over her pathos as the distressed mother in "The Woman and the Law"; she almost made "Harvest" a success by her acting; and think what she did only last year for "The Royal Oak" at Drury-Lane! And yet Miss Fanny Brough has been compelled only recently to snatch chance engagements at deplorable and feeble matinées. Well, now she has had her chance, and her comic acting in "Dr. Bill" is the best thing of the kind to be seen in London. There is something in race and blood—particularly on the stage. The Broughs are a clever lot, and the stage appears to be their natural element. Authors though they were, they never could get away from the footlights. Think of them—Robert the Radical, William the playwright, Lionel the actor, Robert's daughter—Fanny—the actress, and a younger generation of fair boys and girls all doing well on the stage. For my own part, I don't want to see a better bit of comic acting than the scene where Miss Fanny Brough wakes to the discovery that she has caused a scandal by locking up the wrong people together in a room, while she has the key that can only release them down her own back. Miss Brough understands, as Mr. Wyndham does, how to attack a comic scene. She mounts it up higher and higher, and never allows it to drop. She is comic and intense at the same time, natural and never excessive. There is humour in her eye and terror in her appalled face. Everyone who likes good acting should see Miss Fanny Brough in "Dr. Bill," and they may make up their minds to enjoy a pleasant evening.

Let us hope the same good luck is in store for Mr. John Hare, who finds the expenses in connection with "La Tosca" so great that he cannot allow a long run even to a success. So Mrs. Bernard-Beere will take a much-needed rest at the Riviera, tortures and prison-houses will be forgotten, and Mr. Hare is to come out of his self-elected obscurity in order to take the lead—not before he was wanted—in a comic character specially designed and devised for him by Mr. Sydney Grundy. None of the Garrick favourites will be missing when the new play is produced. Mr. Forbes Robertson will, after the

fashion at the Théâtre Français, play in a very pretty "front piece," already successfully produced at a matinée, and written by Mr. Wynne Miller; and Miss Kate Rorke will take a small part in the new farcical comedy that Mr. Hare intends to produce just before Lent. And it is good news to hear that Mr. Pinero is almost ready with his new play of modern manners designed for Mr. Hare's company. But clearly these are laughter-loving days. London certainly need not complain of being dull, with "Aunt Jack" and "Dr. Bill," particularly if Mr. Grundy's venture at the Garrick and Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's satire at Terry's turn out as funny as they are represented to be. The public will have to choose between Mrs. John Wood in the witness-box, Miss Fanny Brough with a key down her back, and Mr. Penley playing the detective in a dinner-lift.

Mr. Summers, an American variety actor, at the Opéra Comique, is not at all an indifferent artist. He is funny, versatile, and unquestionably quaint. But there is a little too much of Jerry the tramp. He has built up a play to suit his own idiosyncrasies, and the play "A Noble Brother" is not so good as the actor. Mr. Summers we can accept, but not his play at any price. In America the play is evidently not the thing. Miss Minnie Palmer succeeded notwithstanding the impotency of "My Sweetheart," and Mr. Summers is reported to have made quite a fortune in going round with "A Noble Brother." On the whole, the play is not at all badly acted. Miss Boucher is a very charming and intelligent artist, and Miss Bell a finished comedy actress. Mr. Summers ought to play to crowded houses during the fortnight that he is up from the country. C. S.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of the Earl of Home to the Lord Lieutenancy of the county of Lanark, in the room of the late Sir T. E. Colebrooke.

The Lady Mayoress (Lady Isaacs) will hold receptions at the Mansion House on the afternoons of the first and third Tuesdays in each month until further notice, from three to five.

The Hon. Dr. Gooroo Dass Bannerjee has been appointed Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University, in succession to Sir Comer Petheram, who has resigned the post.

Mr. Spurgeon has returned from the Riviera greatly improved in health and voice. He preached twice on Sunday, Feb. 2, at the Tabernacle to immense congregations.

Sir W. T. Marriott, M.P., has been installed as Deputy Provincial Grand Master of the Freemasons of Sussex. The ceremony was performed on Feb. 1 by Colonel Shadwell Clarke, Grand Secretary, deputed by the Duke of Connaught, Provincial Grand Master. There was a large attendance.

A meeting of the Society of Biblical Archaeology was held at 9, Conduit-street, Hanover-square, W., on Feb. 4, when the following papers were read: Ernest de Bunsen—"The Pharaohs of Moses, according to Hebrew and Egyptian Chronology"; A. L. Lewis—"Some Suggestions respecting the Exodus."

The legal representative of the Postmaster-General attended at the Town Clerk's office, Leeds, on Feb. 1, and completed the arrangements for the purchase of land required from the Corporation for the erection of a new General Post Office. The site is a portion of the old Cloth-hall, consisting of 5525 square yards, for which £44,200 has been paid.

Mrs. Perry Herrick and Mr. Thomas Ingram have contributed a thousand pounds each towards the proposed fund of fifteen thousand pounds being raised by the Bishop of Peterborough for erecting new churches at Leicester. Three churches are to be commenced immediately, and sites for two of them have been given.

The entertainment at Brompton Hospital on Feb. 4 consisted of vocal and instrumental music by Mrs. Stanley Stubbs, Miss Newman, Mr. M. A. Santley, Mr. R. A. Gillespie, and the Plowden Bijou Orchestra, which discoursed sweet music, several items being redemanded. The evening was a great success, all the performers throwing themselves most heartily into their work.

Two ships were commissioned on Feb. 4—the Warspite at Chatham, for the Pacific, and the Goldfinch at Sheerness, for the Australian station. The Warspite will have the distinction of counting among her officers the youngest Admiral, the youngest Captain, and the youngest Paymaster in the Navy. The Goldfinch will hoist the pennant of Lieutenant-Commander Charles Edmund Kingsmill. Her distinction is that eighteen months ago her construction had not been commenced.

Messrs. Leventon and Co., of Liverpool, have received a consignment of 19 tons of embalmed cats, which are to be used as manure. The cargo contains 180,000 specimens of the feline species, supposed to have been buried 2000 years B.C. in a subterranean cemetery about 100 miles from Cairo, into which an Egyptian fellah was accidentally precipitated. The cats were found laid out in rows one on top of the other, and carefully embalmed as though they were Egyptian mummies, and bought for consignment in Egypt at 73s. 9d. per ton.

The usual periodical meeting of the Committee of Management of the National Maritime Relief Organisation was held at its central office, Sailors' Home Chambers, Dock-street, on Jan. 31. The relief operations for January, embracing those specially necessitated by the recent very severe and prolonged gales, showed that the large number of nearly 800 shipwrecked mariners and fishermen, with other distressed seafarers, had been directly taken under care, clothed, forwarded home, and otherwise aided at the Society's hands. In addition, 273 widows and orphans, &c., including those bereaved through sea disasters, had had their necessities promptly ministered to.

A meeting of the Victoria Institute was held on Feb. 3—Sir George G. Stokes, M.P., President, in the chair, when Dr. Guppy, F.G.S., read a paper on "The Dispersal of Plants, as illustrated by the Flora of the Keeling or Cocos Islands." The author described the manner in which the islands of the Pacific obtained the luxuriant vegetation which is found upon them. He also pointed out some of the causes which are effecting, rapidly in some cases, the destruction of the original flora of these islands. The lecture was illustrated by specimens of fruits and seeds from the Royal Gardens at Kew, which were kindly lent for the occasion. A discussion followed.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress entertained Mr. J. L. Toole and Mr. Henry Irving at luncheon on Feb. 3 in the private apartments at the Mansion House, and invited several civic friends to bid goodspeed to the popular comedian on the eve of his departure for Australia.—A pleasant evening was spent at the Mansion House by the six hundred guests who responded to the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress's invitation to attend a conversation "in the interests of the Homes for little Boys" situated in Farningham and Swanley. Music was interspersed with oratory, the former being supplied by the Farningham boys' band, and the latter by the Lord Mayor, the Earl of Aberdeen, the President, and others, who eloquently recommended the claims of the homes to the generosity of the public. The boys themselves showed their versatility not only by singing and playing but by demonstrating the perfection of their industrial skill.

THE NITI FIELD FORCE.

The northern frontier of British India, or its dependent Native States in the Himalayan region, borders on that of Tibet in several parts—in Sikkim, north of Darjeeling, and in Bhotan, to the north-east; and in Kumaon, which is situated west of Nepal. The hill tribes dwelling beyond the frontier have lately been troublesome; and the small expedition sent up from Almora to Niti, and thence over the high mountain passes, under command of Major Charles Pulley, in November last, was intended to repress their incursions; but the tribesmen fled without awaiting a conflict. In our short account of the expedition, published last week, the arduous march and severe climate which it endured going over the Marchauk and Chor Hoti passes were sufficiently noticed. The remaining Sketches also belong to local features of that Himalayan region which have already been mentioned: the peculiar construction of the suspension bridges, made of bamboo framework, supported by ropes of twisted grass; the singular breed of animals, akin to the "yak" of Tibet, used as beasts of burden; and the sport of shooting the "monal," or Himalayan pheasant, in which some officers sought recreation.

THE SPORT AND ART EXHIBITION.

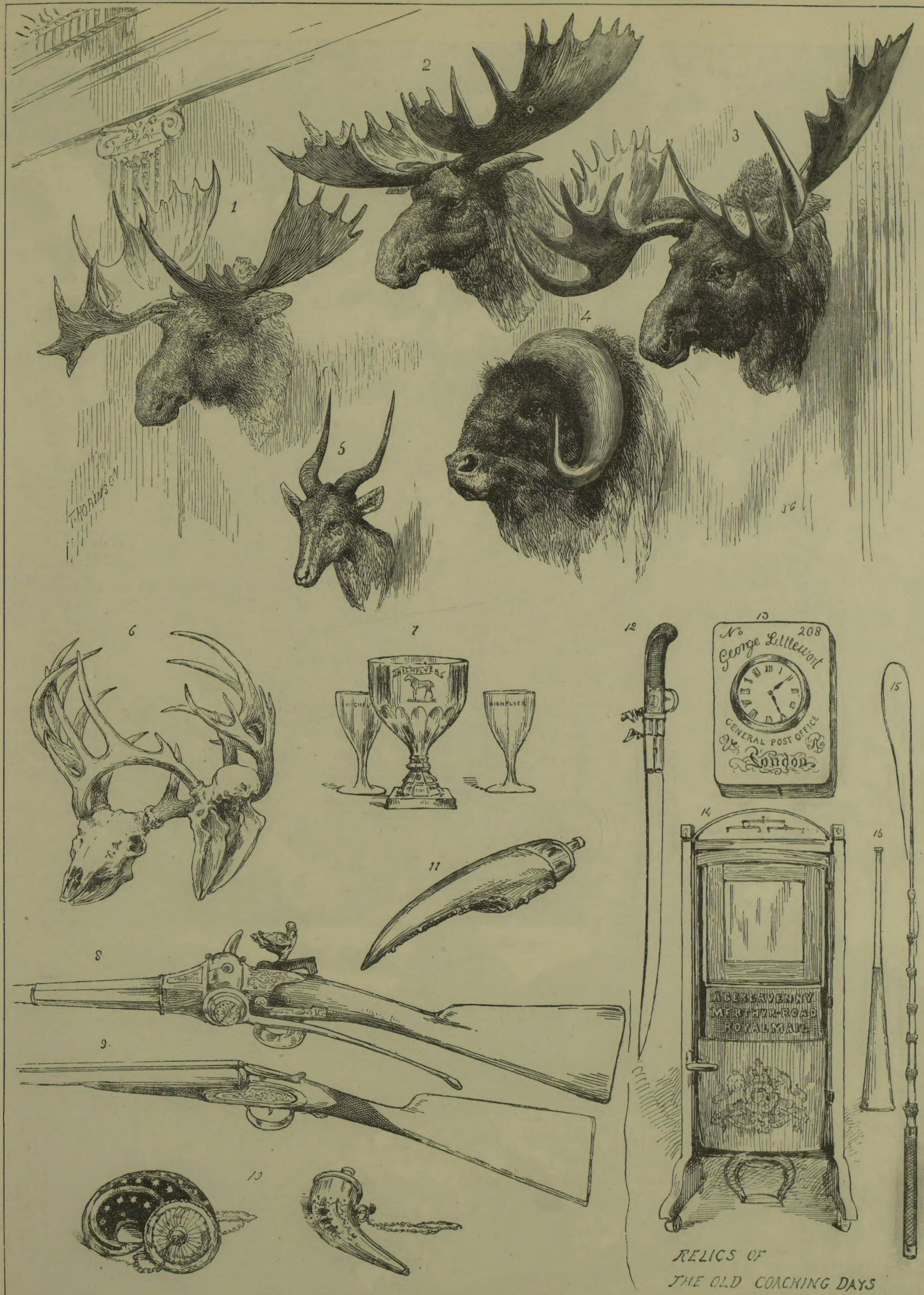
Some additional specimens of the varied collection at the Grosvenor Gallery, "Sport, Illustrated by Art," which has been sufficiently described, are presented this week. They are selected from the hunting trophies which occupy the entrance hall, and appear also in the west and east galleries and other rooms: the collection of weapons and sporting guns and rifles, with old-fashioned firelocks and powder-flasks; that of prize cups and other articles of plate, or the like, with sporting or racing associations; and several curious relics of old mail-coach travelling. The firescreen, made of the offside door of an old mail-coach that used to run through Brecon, is lent to the exhibition by Colonel Harold Malet; and Mr. Walter Gilbey lends George the Fourth's whip.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF FINE ARTS.

The twenty-ninth exhibition of painting, sculpture, and architectural design, in connection with the Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts, was opened to the public on Feb. 4. Among the 1045 works within the walls there is enough to prove not only that high art has not remained stationary in the North, but that the progress made in all directions has been both definite and rapid within the past year. In no case is this advance more marked than in the productions of the so-called "Impressionist school." By a new departure at the hands of the hanging committee the greater number of works of this younger school have been segregated in one of the lesser halls, thus rendering it the easier both to judge the particular style of art upon its own merits, and to compare its effectiveness as a whole with other methods. The ideal of the followers of this latest creed is not so much to reproduce in detail the outer likeness of things as, by accentuating pictorial values, to record a poetical impression; and in their rapidly increasing power of accomplishing their purpose these artists prove the vitality of their insight. As examples of their success in distinctly different departments of subject may be picked out such pictures as the "Ariadne," by John Lavery; the portrait by E. A. Walton, A.R.S.A.; the "Shrine on the Sea," by Patrick W. Adam, A.R.S.A.; and the "Morning after the Storm," by Alex. Frew. In each of these examples the soul of the subject has been clearly divined and focussed with quiet strength, undistracted by detail, upon the canvas. Equally successful, perhaps, in another strongly national vein of the art may be mentioned pictures like William McTaggart's "Macrihanish Pay," Thomas Faed's "Hush, let him sleep," Tom McEwan's "Playmates," and Louis B. Hurt's "Highland Glen." In these and a hundred others, the rushing seas, the mountain mists, the homely warmth and pathos of Northern scenes are painted with accomplished skill and faithful sympathy. Presentments of action, of the "Sturm und Drang" of life, there are upon the walls in sufficient number, and stirring and dramatic enough to prove the Norse strain yet in artistic blood. Of these probably the Chantry Bequest canvas by H. S. Tuke, "All Hands to the Pumps," W. L. Wyllie's "Phantom Ship," and William Hole's "News of Flodden," appear most full of dramatic meaning and effect; but there are, as well, pictures like the "Surrender" of Sir J. D. Linton, P.R.I., and "The Clash of Steel" of John Pettie, R.A., which it is impossible to pass without remembering. Portraits have been hung in quite the usual proportion, and of them the greater number, as usual, are of little more than family interest. Striking exceptions to this rule are the portrait of a girl by E. A. Walton, already mentioned—a quiet brown picture whose charm grows and is ill to forget—and the portrait of Sir Frederick Leighton by G. F. Watts, R.A., done in old red. Of accustomed names from the South several are this year conspicuous in the catalogue by their absence. Millais, Burne-Jones, and Alma-Tadema are unrepresented. But apart from these the actual number of contributors hailing from Southern studios would seem to have increased. Conspicuous among their works are such a delightful canvas as "The Moat Farm," by David Murray, A.R.S.A., balmy with the summer idleness of an old-world nook; the strange and fearful "Orpheus and Eurydice" of G. F. Watts; and—one of the finest things in the exhibition—the "Nymph" of William Stott of Oldham, a delicate, sensuous creation that might have haunted the lush dim wood-depths with Keats's Endymion. Foreign names, too, are well represented both in the catalogue and on the walls. A painting of strong warm colour is the "Rustic Courtship" of L. Nono. Parisian mastery of technique is exemplified in the "Duchesse du Maine" of Jules Girardet; and something more than technique amid the shadows of "Les Pauvres Gens," by Hubert Vos. Of pictures on loan quite as many as heretofore have found their way to the walls, though at one time it was proposed this year to exclude them. Along with specimens of the work of Constable, Wilkie, G. P. Chalmers, and Reynolds there have been hung the "Marriage Procession of Monticelli," a canvas of Troyon, and the portrait of "Grecian Williams," by Raeburn. Altogether the exhibition appears thoroughly representative, and little more than a casual survey is needed to make certain that in the most promising directions it shows a marked development upon the performance of previous years.

After a lengthened discussion, at a meeting of the London School Board, a motion to petition Parliament that all schools in receipt of grants from the State should be free, and that they should be under representative management, was carried by 24 votes to 16.

A most interesting entertainment was provided on Jan. 31 at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, in the Old Kent-road, where a number of the children who had been taught to speak performed a little drama, written by Dr. Elliot, the headmaster, "Scenes from the Life of Richard III.," so as to gain the applause of a numerous and representative audience.



RELICS OF
THE OLD COACHING DAYS

1, 2, 3. Mooseheads, lent by Lord Lonsdale.

4. Musk Ox, lent by Lord Lonsdale.

5. Hunter's Antelope, lent by Mr. T. W. Greenfield.

6. Pairs of interlocked horns of Black-tailed Deer, lent by Mr. H. Seton-Karr, M.P.

7. Wine-glasses, formerly belonging to the original Mr. Tattersall.

8. Old breechloading flint rifle of seventeenth century, lent by Lord Breadalbane.

9. Latest breechloader.

10. Two powder-flasks, used by the great Duke of Wellington.

11. Powder-flask made of a lobster's claw.

12. Sword and four-barrelled flint pistol combined.

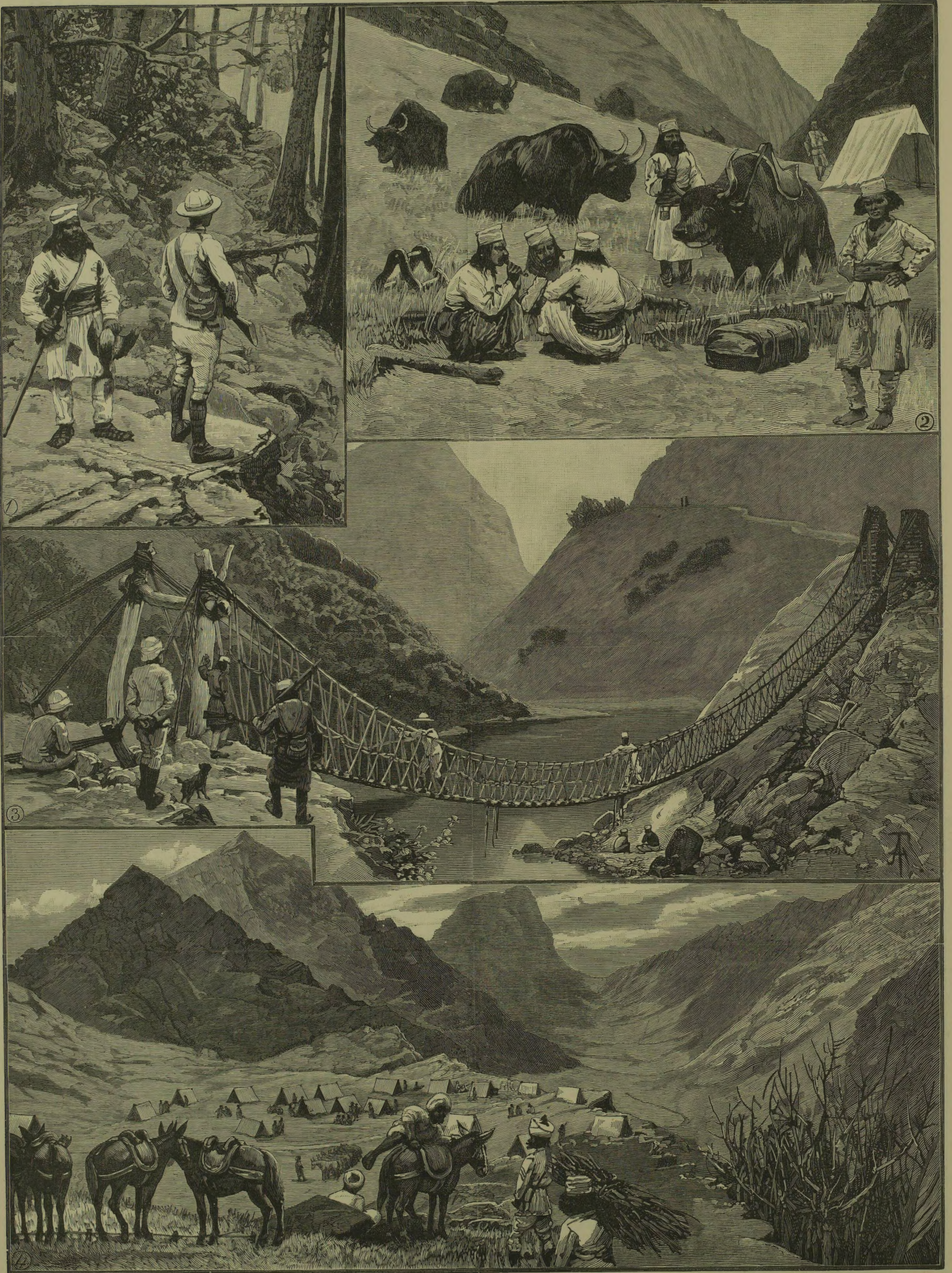
13. Post-office clock furnished to the old Boston and Hull Mail-coach.

14. Firescreen made of door of the old Brecon Mail-coach.

15. Whip used by King George IV.

16. "Angel" horn, used by Samuel Bennett, guard of the Bristol Mail, and afterwards on Portsmouth Night-mail.

SKETCHES FROM THE SPORT AND ART EXHIBITION AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.



1. Monal or Himalayan pheasant-shooting, in the Kuhara Jungle. 2. Baggage Animals, "Jubus," in the Camp at Niti. 3. A "Jhula," or Rope Bridge. 4. Camp at the Foot of the Kuhara Pass.

THE NITI FIELD FORCE ON THE THIBET FRONTIER.—SKETCHES BY MAJOR C. PULLEY, 3RD GOORKHAS.



DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

The girl looking over his shoulder, watching curiously, for the first time in her life, the growth of a picture.

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER VII.

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

ALL day long the boat sailed about among the channels and over the shallow ledges of the Outer or Western Islands, whither no boat may reach save on such a day, so quiet and so calm. The visitor who comes by one boat and goes away by the next thinks he has seen this archipelago. As well stand inside a great cathedral for half an hour and then go away thinking you have seen it all. It takes many days to see these fragments of Lyonesse, and, to get a true sense of the place. They sailed round the southern point of Samson, and they steered westward, leaving Great Minalto on the lee; towards Mincarlo, lying, like an old-fashioned sofa, high at the two ends and flat in the middle. They found a landing at the southern point, and clambered up the steep and rocky sides of the low hill. On this island there are four peaks with a down in the middle, all complete. It is like a doll's island. Everywhere in Scilly there are the same features: here a hill strewn with boulders: here a little down with fern and gorse and heath: here a bay in which the water, on such days as it can be approached, peacefully laps a smooth white beach: here dark caves and holes in which the water always, even in the calmest day of summer, grumbles and groans, and, when the least sea rises, begins to roar and bellow: in time of storm it shrieks and howls. Those who sail round these rumbling water-dungeons begin to think of sea monsters. Hidden in those recesses the awful calamary lies

watching, waiting, his tentacles forty feet long stretching out in the green water, floating innocently till they touch their prey, then seizing and haling it within sight of the baleful, gleaming eyes and within reach of the devouring mouth. In these holes, too, lie the great conger-eels: they fear nothing that swims except that calamary: and in these recesses walk about the huge crabs which devour the dead bodies of shipwrecked sailors. On the sunlit rocks one looks to see a mermaid, with glittering scales, combing out her long fair tresses: perhaps one may unfortunately miss this beautiful sight, which is rare even in Scilly: but one cannot miss seeing the seals flopping in the water and swimming out to sea with seeming intent to cross the broad ocean. And in windy weather porpoises blow in the shallow waters of the sounds. All round the rocks at low tide hangs the long sea-weed, undisturbed since the days when they manufactured kelp, like the rank growth of a tropical creeper: at high tide it stands up erect, rocking to and fro in the wash and sway of the water like the tree-tops of the forest in the breeze. Everywhere, except in the rare places where men come and go, the wild sea-birds make their nests: the shags stand on the ledges of the highest rocks in silent rows gazing upon the water below: the sea-gulls fly, shrieking in sea-gullish rapture—there is surely no life quite so joyous as a sea-gull's: the curlews call: the herons sail across the sky: and, in spring, millions of puffins swim and dive and fly about the rocks, and lay their eggs in the hollow places of these wild and lonely islands.

These things, which one presently expects and observes

without wonder in all the islands, were new to Roland when he set foot on the rugged rock of Mincarlo. He climbed up the steep sides of the rock and stood upon the top of its highest peak. He made two or three rapid sketches of rock and sea, the girl looking over his shoulder, watching curiously, for the first time in her life, the growth of a picture.

Then he stood and looked around. The great stones were piled about: the brown turf crept up their sides: where there was space to grow, the yellow branches of the fern were spread: and on all four sides lay the shining water.

"All my life," he said, "I have dreamed of islands. This is true joy, Armorel. For a permanency, Samson is better than Mincarlo, because there is more of it. But to come here sometimes—to sit on this earn while the wind whistles in your ear, and the waves are lapping against the rocks all day long and always—Armorel, is there any other world? Are there men and women living somewhere? Is there anybody but you and me—and Peter?" he added hastily. "I don't believe in London. It is a dream. Everything is a dream but the islands and the boat and Armorel."

She was only a child, but she turned a rosy red at the compliment. Nothing but the boat and herself. She was very fond of the boat, you see, and she felt that the words conveyed a high compliment. Then they began to explore the rest of this mountainous island, which has such a variety of scenery all packed away in the small space of twelve acres. When they had walked over the whole of Mincarlo that is accessible, they returned to their landing-place, where Peter

sat in the boat keeping her off, with head bent as if he was asleep.

"It must be half past twelve," said Armored. "I am sure you are hungry. We will have dinner here."

"No better place for a picnic. Come along, Peter. Bear a hand with the basket. Here, Armored, is a rock that will do for a table, and here is one on which we two can sit. There is a rock for you, Peter. Now. The opening of a luncheon basket is always a moment of grave anxiety. What have we got?"

"This is a rabbit-pie," said Armored. "And this is a cake-pudding. I made it yesterday. Do you like cake-pudding? Here are bread and salt and things. Can you make your dinner off a rabbit-pie, Roland Lee?"

"A very good dinner too." The young man now understood that on Samson one uses the word dinner instead of lunch, and that supper is an excellent cold spread served at eight. "A very good dinner, Armored. I mean to carve this. Sit down and let me see you make a good dinner."

An admirable rabbit-pie, and an excellent cake-pudding. Also, there had not been forgotten a stone jar filled with that home-brewed of which the like can no longer be found in any other spot in the British Islands. I hope one need do no more than indicate the truly appreciative havoc wrought by the young gentleman among all these good gifts and blessings.

After dinner, to lie in the sunshine and have a pipe, looking across the wide stretch of sunny water to the broken line of rocks and the blue horizon beyond, was happiness undeserved. Beside him sat the girl, anxious that he should be happy; thinking of nothing but what might best please her guest.

Then they got into the boat again, and sailed half a mile or so due north by the compass, until they came within another separate archipelago of which Mincarlo is an outlying companion.

It is the group of rocks, called the Outer or the Western Islands, lying tumbled about in the water west of Bryher and Samson. Some of them are close together, some are separated by broad channels. Here the sea is never calm: at the foot of the rocks stretch out ledges, some of them bare at low water, revealing their ugly black stone teeth: the swell of the Atlantic on the calmest days rises and falls and makes white eddies, broken water, and flying spray. Among these rocks they rowed: Peter and Roland taking the oars, while Armored steered. They rowed round Maiden Bower, with its cluster of granite forts defying the whole strength of the Atlantic, which will want another hundred thousand years to grind them down: about and among the Black Rocks and the Seal Rocks, dark and threatening: they landed on Ilyswilling, with his peak of fifty feet, a strange wild island: they stood on the ledge of Castle Bryher and looked up at the tower of granite which rises out of the water like the round keep of a Norman castle: they hoisted sail and stood out to Scilly himself, where his twin rocks command the entrance to the islands. Scilly is of the dual number: he consists of two great mountains rising from the water sheer, precipitous, and threatening: each about eighty feet high, but with the air of eight hundred: each black and square and terrible of aspect: they are separated by a narrow channel hardly broad enough for a boat to pass through.

"One day last year," said Armored—"it was in July, after a fortnight of fine weather—we went through this channel, Peter and I—didn't we, Peter? It was a dead calm, and at high tide."

The boy nodded his head.

The channel was now, the tide being nearly high, like a foaming torrent through which the water raced and rushed boiling into whirlpools foaming and tearing at the sides. The rapids below Niagara are not fiercer than was this channel, though the day was so fair and the sea without so quiet.

"Once," said Peter, breaking the silence, "there was a ship cast up by a wave right into the fork of the channel. She went to pieces in ten minutes, for she was held in a vice like, while the waves beat her into sticks. Some of the men got on to the north rock—what they call Cuckoo—and there they stuck till the gale abated. Then people saw them from Bryher, and a pilot-boat put off for them."

"So they were saved?" said Roland.

"No, they were not saved," Peter replied slowly. "'Twas this way: the pilot-boat that took them off the rock capsized on the way home. So they were all drowned."

"Poor beggars! Now if they had been brought safe ashore we might have been told what these rocks look like in rough weather: and what Scilly is like when you have climbed it: and how a man feels in the middle of a storm on Scilly."

"You can see very well what it is like from Samson," said Armored. "The waves beat upon the rocks, and the white spray flies over them and hides them."

"I should like to hear as well as to see," said Roland. "Fancy the thunder of the Atlantic waves against this mass of rock: the hissing and boiling in the channel: the roaring of the wind: and the dashing of the waves! I wonder if any of these shipwrecked men had a sketch-book in his pocket."

"To be drowned," he continued, "just by the upsetting of a boat. And after escaping death in a much more exciting manner. Their companions were torn from the deck and hurled and dashed against the rock, so that in a moment their bones were broken to fragments, and the fragments themselves were thrown against the rocks till there was nothing left of them. And these poor fellows clung to the rock, hiding under a boulder from the driving wind—cold, starving, wet, and miserable. And just as they thought of food and shelter and warmth again, to be taken and plunged into the cold water, there to roll about till they were drowned! A dreadful tragedy!"

Having thus broken the ice, Peter proceeded to relate more stories of shipwreck, taking after his father, Justinian Tryeth, whose conversational powers in this direction were, according to Armored, unrivalled. There is a shipwreck story belonging to every rock of Scilly, and to many there are several shipwrecks. As there are about as many rocks of Scilly as there are days in the year, the stories would take long in the telling.

Fortunately Peter did not know all. It is natural, however, that a native of Samson, and the descendant of many generations of wreckers, should love to talk about wrecks. Therefore he proceeded to tell of the French frigate which came over to conquer Scilly in 1798 and was very properly driven ashore by the sea which owns allegiance to Britannia, and all hands lost, so that the Frenchmen captured no more than their graves, which lie in a row on St. Agnes. On Maiden Bower he placed, I know not with what truth, the wreck of the Spaniard which gave Armored an ancestor. On Mincarlo he remembered the loss of an orange-ship on her way from the Azores. On Menovaur he had seen a collier driven in broad daylight and broken all to pieces in half a day, and of her crew not a man saved. Other things, similarly cheerful, he narrated slowly while the sunshine made these grey rocks put on a hospitable look and the boat danced over the rippling waves. With his droning voice, his smooth face with the long white hair upon it, like the last scanty leaves upon a tree, he was like the figure of Death at the Feast, while Armored, young, beautiful, smiling, reminded her guest of life, and love, and hope.

They sailed round so many of these rocks and islets: they landed on so many: they lingered so long among the reefs, loth to leave the wild, strange place, that the sun was fast going down when they hoisted sail and steered for New Grinsey Sound on their homeward way.

You may enter New Grinsey Sound either from the north or from the south. The disadvantage of attempting it from the former on ordinary days is that those who do so are generally capsized and frequently drowned. On such a day as this, however, the northern passage may be attempted. It is the channel, dangerous and beset with rocks and ledges, between the islands of Bryher and Tresco. As the boat sailed slowly in, losing the breeze as it rounded the point, the channel spread itself out broad and clear. On the right hand rose, precipitous, the cliffs and crags of Shipman's Head, which looks like a continuation of Bryher, but is really separated from the island by a narrow passage—you may work through it in calm weather—running from Hell Bay to the Sound. On the left is Tresco, its downs rising steeply from the water, and making a great pretence of being a very lofty ascent indeed. In the middle of the coast juts out a high promontory, surrounded on all sides but one by the water. On this rock stands Cromwell's Castle, a round tower, older than the Martello Towers. It still possesses a roof, but its interior has been long since gutted. In front of it has been built a square stone platform or bastion, where once, no doubt, they mounted guns for the purpose of defending this channel against an invader, as if Nature had not already defended it by her ledges and shallows and hardly concealed teeth of granite. To protect by a fort a channel when the way is so tortuous and difficult, and where there are so many other ways, is almost as if Warkworth Castle, five miles inland, on the winding Coquet, had been built to protect the shores of Northumberland from the invading Dane: or as if Chepstow above the muddy Wye had been built for the defence of Bristol. There, however, the castle is, and a very noble picture it made as the boat slowly voyaged through the Sound. The declining sun, not yet sunk too low behind Bryher, clothed it with light and splendour, and brought out the rich colour of grey rock and yellow fern upon the steep hillside behind. Beyond the castle, in the midst of the Sound, rose a pyramidal island, a pile of rocks, seventy or eighty feet high, on whose highest crann some of Oliver Cromwell's prisoners were hanged, according to the voice of tradition, which, somehow, always goes dead against that strong person.

Roland, who had exhausted the language of delight among the Outer Islands, contemplated this picture in silence.

"Do you not like it?" asked the girl.

"Like it?" he repeated. "Armored! It is splendid."

"Will you make a sketch of it?"

"I cannot. I must make a picture. I ought to come here day after day. There must be a good place to take it from—over there, I think, on that beach. Armored! It is splendid. To think that the picture is to be seen so near to London, and that no one comes to see it!"

"If you want to come day after day, Roland," she said softly, "you will not be able to go away to-morrow. You must stay longer with us on Samson."

"I ought not, child. You should not ask me."

"Why should you not stay if you are happy with us? We will make you as comfortable as ever we can. You have only to tell us what you want."

She looked so eagerly and sincerely anxious that he yielded.

"If you are really and truly sure," he said.

"Of course I am really and truly sure. The weather will be fine, I think, and we will go sailing every day."

"Then I will stay a day or two longer. I will make a picture of Cromwell's Castle—and the hill at the back of it—and the water below it. I will make it for you, Armored; but I will keep a copy of it for myself. Then we shall each have a memento of this day—something to remember it by."

"I should like to have the picture. But, oh! Roland!—as if I could ever forget this day!"

She spoke with perfect simplicity, this child of nature, without the least touch of coquetry. Why should she not speak what was in her heart? Never before had she seen a young man so brave, so gallant, so comely: nor one who spoke so gently: nor one who treated her with so much consideration.

He turned his face: he could not meet those trustful eyes, with the innocence that lay there: he was abashed by reason of this innocence. A child—only a child. Armored would change. In a year or two this trustfulness would vanish. She would become like all other girls—shy and reserved, self-conscious in intuitive self-defence. But there was no harm as yet. She was a child—only a child.

As the sun went down the bows ran into the fine white sand of the landing-place, and their voyage was ended.

"A perfect day," he murmured. "A day to dream of. How shall I thank you enough, Armored?"

"You can stay and have some more days like it."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VOYAGERS.

This was the first of many such voyages and travels, though not often in the outside waters, for the vexed Bermoothes themselves are not more lashed by breezes from all the quarters of the compass than these Isles of Scilly. They sailed from point to point, and from island to island, landing where they listed or where Armored led, wandering for long hours round the shores or on the hills. All the islands, except the bare rocks, are covered with down and moorland, bounded in every direction by rocky headlands and slopes covered with granite boulders. They were quite alone in their explorations: no native is ever met upon those downs: no visitor, except on St. Mary's, wanders on the beaches and around the bays. They were quite alone all the day long: the sea-breeze whistled in their ears; the gulls flew over their heads—the cormorants hardly stirred from the rocks when they climbed up; the hawk that hung motionless in the air above them changed not his place when they drew near. And always, day after day, they came continually upon unexpected places: strange places, beautiful places: beaches of dazzling white: wildly heaped crann: here a cromlech, a logan stone, a barrow—Samson is not the only island which guards the tombs of the Great Departed—a new view of sea and sky and white-footed rock. I believe that there does not live any single man who has actually explored all the isles of Scilly: stood upon every rock, climbed every hill, and searched on every island for its treasures of ancient barrows, plants, birds, crann, and headlands. Once there was a worthy person who came here as chaplain to St. Martin's. He started with the excellent intention of seeing everything. Alas! he never saw a single island properly: he never walked round one exhaustively. He wrote a book about them, to be sure; but he saw only half. As for Samson, this person of feeble intelligence even declared that the island was not worth a second visit! After that one would shut the book, but is lured on in the hope of finding something new.

One must not ask of the islanders themselves for information about the isles, because few of them ever go outside their own island, unless to Hugh Town, where is the Port and where are the shops. Why should they? On the other islands

they have no business. Justinian Tryeth, for instance, was seventy-five years of age: Hugh Town he knew, and had often been there, though now Peter did the business of the farm at the Port: St. Agnes he knew, having wooed and won a wife there: he had been to Bryher Church, which is close to the shore—the rest of Bryher was to him as unknown as Iceland. As for St. Martin's, or Annet, or Great Ganilly, he saw them constantly: they were always within his sight, yet he had never desired to visit them. They were an emblem, a shape, a name to him, and nothing more. It is so always with those who live in strange and beautiful places: the marvels are part of their daily life: they heed them not, unless, like Armored, they have no work to do and are quick to feel the influences of things around them. Most Swiss people seem to care nothing for their Alps, but here and there is one who would gladly spend all his days high up among the fragrant pines, or climbing the slope of ice with steady step and slow.

But these young people did try to visit all the islands. Upon Roland there fell the insatiable curiosity—the rage—of an explorer and a discoverer. He became like Captain Cook himself: he longed for more islands: every day he found a new island. "Give," cries he who sails upon unknown seas and scans the round circle of the horizon for the cloudy peak of some far-distant mountain, "give—give more islands—still more islands! Let us sail for yonder cloud! Let us sail on until the cloud becomes a hill-top, and the hill another island! Largesse for him who first calls 'Land ahead!'" There shall we find strange monsters and treasures rare, with friendly natives, and girls more blooming than those of fair Tahiti. Let us sail thither, though it prove no more than a barren rock, the resting-place of the sea-lion; though we can do no more than climb its steep sides and stand upon the top while the spray flies over the rocks and beats upon our faces." In such a spirit as Captain Carteret (Armored's favourite) steered his frail bark from shore to shore did Roland sail among those Scilly seas.

Of course they went to Tresco, where there is the finest garden in all the world. But one should not go to see the garden more than once, because its perfumed alleys, its glass-houses, its cultivated and artificial air, are somehow incongruous with the rest of the islands. As well expect to meet a gentleman in a Court dress walking across Fylingdale Moor. Yet it is indeed a very noble and royal garden: other gardens have finer hothouses: none have a better show of flowers and trees of every kind: for variety it is like unto the botanical gardens of a tropical land: you might be standing in one of the alleys of the garden of Mauritius, or of Java, or the Cape. Here, everything grows and flourishes that will grow anywhere, except, of course, those plants which carry patriotism to an extreme and refuse absolutely to leave their native soil. You cannot go picking pepper here, nor can you strip the cinnamon-tree of its bark. But here you will see the bamboos cluster, tall and graceful: the eucalyptus here parades his naked trunk and his blue leaves: here the fern-tree lifts its circle of glory of lace and embroidery twenty feet high: the prickly pear nestles in warm corners: the aloe shoots up its tall stalk of flower and of seed: the palms stand in long rows: and every lovely plant, every sweet flower, created for the solace of man, grows abundantly, and hastens with zeal to display its blossoms: the soft air is full of perfumes, strange and familiar: it is as if Kew had taken off her glass roofs and placed all her plants and trees to face the English winter. But, then, the winter of Scilly is not the winter of Great Britain. The botanist may visit this garden many times and always find something to please him; but the ordinary traveller will go but once, and admire and come away. It is far better outside on the breezy down, where the dry fern and withered bents crack beneath your feet, and the elastic turf springs as you tread upon it. There are other things on Tresco: there is a big fresh-water lake—it would be a respectable lake even in Westmoreland—where the wild birds disport themselves: beside it ostriches roam gravely, after the manner of the bird. It is pleasant to see the creatures. There is a great cave, if you like dark damp caves: better than the cave, there is a splendid bold coast sloping steeply from the down all round the northern part of the island.

Then they walked all round St. Mary's. It is nine miles round; but if, as these young people did, you climb every headland and walk round every bay, and descend every possible place where the boulders make a ladder down to the boiling water below, it is nine hundred miles round, and, for its length, the most wonderful walk in all the world. They crossed the broad Sound to St. Agnes, and saw St. Wenna's wondrous cove: they stood on the desolate Gugh and the lonely Annet, beloved of puffins: they climbed on every one of the eastern islands, and even sailed, when they found a day calm enough to permit the voyage, among the Dogs of Scilly, and stood upon the black boulders of Rosevear and scared the astonished cormorants from wild Gorregan.

One day it rained in the morning. Then they had to stay at home, and Armored showed the house. She took her guest into the dairy, where Chessun made the butter and scalded the cream—that rich cream which the West-country folk eat with everything. She made him stand by and help make a junket, which Devonshire people believe cannot be made outside the shadow of Dartmoor: she took him into the kitchen—the old room with its old furniture, the candlesticks and snuffers of brass, the bacon hanging to the joists, the blue china, the ancient pewter platters, the long bright spit—a kitchen of the eighteenth century. And then she took him into a room which no longer exists anywhere else save in name. It was the still-room, and on the shelves there stood the elixirs and cordials of ancient time: the currant gin to fortify the stomach on a raw morning before crossing the Road; the cherry brandy for a cold and stormy night; the elderberry wine, good mulled and spiced at Christmas-time; the blackberry wine; the home-made distilled waters—lavender water, Hungary water, Cyprus water, and the Divine Cordial itself, which takes three seasons to complete, and requires all the flowers of spring, summer, and autumn. Then they went into the best parlour, and Armored, opening a cupboard, took out an old sword of strange shape and with faded scabbard. On the blade there was a graven Latin legend. "This is my ancestor's sword," she said. "He was an officer of the Spanish Armada—Hernando Mureno was his name."

"You are, indeed, a Spanish lady, Armored. Your ancestor is well known to have been the bravest and most honourable gentleman in King Philip's service."

"He remained here—he would not go home: he married, and became a Protestant."

She put back the sword in its place, and brought forth other things to show him—old-fashioned watches, old compasses, sextants, telescopes, flint-and-steel pistols—all kinds of things belonging to the old days of smuggling and of piloting.

Then she opened the bookcase. It should have been filled with histories of pirates and buccaners; but it was not: it contained a whole body of theology of the Methodist kind. Roland tossed them over impatiently. "I don't wonder," he said, "at your reading nothing if this is all you have." But he found one or two books which he set aside.

As they wandered about the islands, of course they talked. It wants but little to make a young man open his heart to a girl: only a pair of soft and sympathetic eyes, a face full of interest, and questions of admiration. Whether she tells him anything in return is quite another matter. Most young men, when they review the situation afterwards, discover that they have told everything and learned nothing. Perhaps there is nothing to learn. In a few days Armorel knew everything about her guest. He belonged to that very numerous class which hopes to earn deathless fame, and to fill the whole world with their name, by the practice of what they insist on calling Art—as if there were no other art but that of painting. He was poor: it was necessary that he should make money as well as paint, because one cannot live without money; and although he held money-making in the customary contempt, it was necessary that he should make a good deal, because, which is often the case, his standard of comfort was pitched rather high: it included, for instance, a first-class club, good cigars, and good claret. Also, as he said, an artist should be free from sordid anxieties: Art demands an atmosphere of calm; therefore, he must have an income. This, like everything that does not exist, must be created. Man is godlike because he alone of creatures can create: he, and he alone, constantly creates things which previously did not exist—an income, honour, rank, tastes, wants, desires, necessities, habits, rules, and laws.

"How can you bear to sell your pictures?" asked the girl. "We sell our flowers, but then we grow them by the thousand. You make every picture by itself—how can you sell the beautiful things? You must want to keep them every one to look at all your life. Those that you have given to me I could never part with."

"One must live, fair friend of mine," he replied lightly. "It is my only way of making money, and without money we can do nothing. It is not the selling of his pictures that the artist dreads—that is the necessity of Art as a profession: it is the danger that no one will care about seeing them or buying them. That is much more terrible, because it means failure. Sometimes I dream that I have become old and grey, and have been working all my life, and have had no success at all, and am still unknown and despised. In Art there are thousands of such failures. I think the artist who fails is despised more than any other man. It is truly miserable to aspire so high and to fall so low. Yet who am I that I should reach the port?"

"All good painters succeed," said the girl, who had never seen a painter before or any painting save her own coloured engravings. "You are a good painter, Roland. You must succeed. You will become a great painter in everybody's estimation."

"I will take your words for an oracle," he said. "When I am melancholy, and the future looks dark, I will say, 'Thus and thus spoke Armorel.'"

The young man who is about to attempt fortune by the pursuit of Art must not consider too long the wrecks that strew the shores and float about the waters, lest he lose self-confidence. Continually these wrecks occur, and there is no insurance against them: yet continually other barques hoist sail and set forth upon their perilous voyage. It may be reckoned as a good point in this aspirant that he was not over-confident.

"Some are wrecked at the outset," he said. "Others gain a kind of success. Heavens! what a kind! To struggle all their lives for admission to the galleries, and to rejoice if once in a while a picture is sold."

"They are not the good painters," the girl of large experience again reminded him.

"Am I a good painter?" he replied humbly. "Well, one can but try to do good work, and leave to the gods the rest. There is luck in things. It is not every good man who succeeds, Armorel. To every man, however, there is allotted the highest stature possible for him to reach. Let me be contented if I grow to my full height."

"You must, Roland. You could not be contented with anything less."

"To reach one's full height, one must live for work alone. It is a hard saying, Armorel. It is a great deal harder than you can understand."

"If you love your work, and if you are happy in it"—said the girl.

"You do not understand, child. Most men never reach their full height. You can see their pictures in the galleries—poor, stunted things. It is because they live for anything rather than their work. They are pictures without a soul in them."

Now, when a young man holds forth in this strain, one or two things suggest themselves. First, one thinks that he is playing a part, putting on "side," affecting depths—in fact, enacting the part of the common prig, who is now, methinks, less common than he was. If he is not a prig uttering insincere sentimentalities, he may be a young man who has preserved his ideals beyond the usual age by some accident. The ideals and beliefs and aspirations of young men, when they first begin the study of Art in any of its branches, are very beautiful things, and full of truths which can only, somehow, be expressed by very young men. The third explanation is that in certain circumstances, as in the companionship of a girl not belonging to society and the world—a young, innocent, and receptive girl—whose mind is ready for pure ideas, uncontaminated by earthly touch, the old enthusiasms are apt to return and the old beliefs to come back. Then such things may spring in the heart and rise to the lips as one could not think or utter in a London studio.

Sincere or not, this young man pursued his theme, making a kind of confession which Armorel could not, as yet, understand. But she remembered. Women at all ages remember tenaciously, and treasure up in their hearts, things which they may at some other time learn to understand.

"There was an old allegory, Armorel," this young man went on, "of a young man choosing his way, once for all. It is an absurd story, because every day and all day long we are pulled the other way. Sometimes it makes me tremble all over only to think of the flowery way. I know what the end would be. But yet, Armorel, what can you know or understand about the Way of Pleasure, and how men are drawn into it with ropes? My soul is sometimes sick with yearning when I think of those who run along that Way and sing and feast."

"What kind of Way is it, Roland?"

"You cannot understand, and I cannot tell you. The Way of Pleasure and the Way of Wealth. These are the two roads by which the artistic life is ruined. Yet we are dragged into them by ropes."

"You shall keep to the true path, Roland," the girl said, with glistening eyes. "Oh! how happy you will be when you have reached your full height—you will be a giant then."

He laughed, and shook his head. "Again, Armorel, I will take it from your lips—a prophecy. But you do not understand."

"No," she said. "I am very ignorant. If I cannot understand, I can remember. The Way of Pleasure and the Way of Wealth. I shall remember. We are told that we must not set our hearts upon the things of this world. I used to think that it meant being too fond of pretty frocks and ribbons. Dorcas said so once. Since you have come I see that there are many, many things that I know nothing of. If I am to be dragged to them by ropes, I do not want to know them. The Way of Pleasure and the Way of Wealth. They destroy the artistic life," she repeated, as if learning a lesson. "These ways must be ways of Sin, don't you think?" she asked, looking up with curious eyes.

Doubtless. Yet this is not quite the modern manner of regarding and speaking of the subject. And considering what an eighteenth-century and bourgeois-like manner it is, and how fond we now are of that remarkable century, one is surprised that the manner has not before now been revived. When we again tie our hair behind and assume silver-buckled shoes and white silk stockings, we shall once more adopt that manner. It was not, however, artificial with Armorel. The words fell naturally from her lips. A thing that was prejudicial to the better nature of a man must, she thought, belong to ways of Sin. Again—doubtless. But Roland did not think of it in that way, and the words startled him.

"Puritan!" he said. "But you are always right. It is the instinct of your heart always to be right. But we no longer talk that language. It is a hundred years old. In these days there is no more talk about Sin—at least, outside certain circles. There are habits, it is true, which harm an artist's eye and destroy his hand. We say that it is a pity when an artist falls into these habits. We call it a pity, Armorel, not the way of Sin. A pity—that is all. It means the same thing, I dare say, so far as the artist is concerned."

(To be continued.)

THE RIVER MOLE OBSTRUCTION.

In May last the Hon. H. B. Bourke of Esher placed an obstruction across the river Mole, which flows between property that he owns on each bank. This obstruction was forced



OBSTRUCTION ON THE RIVER MOLE, NEAR ESHER.

by Mr. Davis of Hershams, and proceedings were taken against him at the County Bench at Kingston, but the plaintiff, the Hon. H. B. Bourke, not appearing, the case was dismissed. Further action was taken against Davis, and an interim injunction was applied for "to restrain him from damaging the boom and trespassing on the water." This injunction was not granted; but the case came before Mr. Justice Kay, and his decision was against Davis; the Judge stating that, in his opinion, the public had no right to boat on the river, inasmuch as there is no place of public access.

Notice of appeal was given, and the Hon. H. B. Bourke applied for a deposit of £200 to cover costs, as the defendant Davis was an undischarged bankrupt: the application was granted. A proposal has been made that the Common Council of London should contribute £100 towards this sum, and as the question is an important one, the public are invited to send subscriptions to the Chairman of Committee, Mr. R. Hayden, West End, Esher. We express no opinion concerning the rights in dispute, but give an illustration of the river, with the actual obstruction to boating, as shown by a local correspondent's sketch of the place.

In the absence of Princess Victoria of Teck, the Lady Mayoress presented the prizes to the Post-Office Volunteers. The Postmaster-General spoke highly of the public spirit, energy, and enterprise of our citizen soldiers.

The first festival dinner in aid of the East-End Mothers' Home was held at the Hôtel Métropole, the Earl of Aberdeen presiding. The home was originally established in Shadwell by Lady Greville. A list of donations and subscriptions amounting to £700 was announced at the dinner.

Lord Justice Fry presided at a meeting at Lincoln's Inn, and urged members of the Bar to assist the Charity Organisation Society in grappling with the poverty surrounding the Inns of Court. On the motion of the Solicitor-General, seconded by Mr. G. Bruce, M.P., a resolution was adopted giving effect to the wishes expressed by the chairman.

The Lord Mayor presided at the Mansion House over a meeting held to consider questions affecting the native races of Africa. Lord Granville moved a resolution thanking the King of the Belgians for convening the Anti-Slavery Conference at Brussels, and expressed his approval of Lord Salisbury's action in the matter. This was seconded by the Duke of Fife, who, as president of the British South African Company, said they desired not to be regarded as a mere trading society, as their functions embraced the civilisation and elevation of the aborigines. The resolution was adopted, and a message from the King of the Belgians was read. The meeting was also addressed by Sir R. N. Fowler, Mr. W. S. Caine, Mr. A. McArthur, Sir T. Fowell Buxton, and others.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

At the exceedingly smart wedding of Miss de Murrieta and the Duke de Santona at the Brompton Oratory, the leading features of the handsome gowns worn were the high collars at the back of the neck only and the elaboration of the sleeves. Some of the collars were so high as almost to conceal the head from anybody standing behind the wearer. Such collars are usually cut off at either side just beneath the ear. Sometimes they are carried round to the front and there turned down sufficiently to allow of the chin being comfortably moved. But the first-mentioned fashion—the collar at the back only—is by far the more stylish, and gives the stamp of newness to the gown at once. This fashion was originated by the Queen when her Majesty designed the new "high Court bodice" which may be worn now by any lady who likes to make known her wish not to have a low bodice at a drawing-room. One of the two models sanctioned by the Queen has this high collar behind the neck, and no collar at all in front. It is frequently called a "Medici," but the collars or ruffs in the old Italian pictures stand much more away from the head behind, and slope off more towards the front, than the new ones do. The present fashions are simply exaggeratedly high collars, quite stiff, sitting up close to the neck, and cut off when halfway round. The Duchess of Fife gave an impetus to their use on day dresses and cloaks by having her "going away" mantle on her wedding day made with one.

As to the sleeves, a considerable proportion of those at the Oratory wedding were in velvet with wool or silk dresses. In some gowns this order was reversed—the sleeves were of silk, while the dress was of velvet. In either case, the sleeves were wide and full, generally of the leg-o'-mutton shape, much drawn up on the shoulder. All sorts and varieties of sleeve were, however, to be seen—some with puffed tops above a plain tight-fitting portion over the lower arm; others with a second material let in right down the back; others cut very full at the top and wrinkled on the close-fitting lining as far as the elbow, below which they were buttoned tight to the arm. Lady William Nevill wore this last-mentioned style, the sleeves being of bronze velvet with a paler silk bodice and skirt, and a belt of velvet, trimmed with jet and gold passementerie. Amid all this variety and splendour of costume there were some notably plain dresses. The Countess of Airlie, for instance, looked all the more remarkable, because of the contrast with her neighbours, in her almost conventual garb of plain, close-fitting black, which nevertheless suits her style well.

At the wedding of Miss Towneley with Lord Clifford of Chudleigh there were no bridesmaids. The bride wore the ordinary costume—white satin draped with lace, and made with a Court train, which was held up by two fancifully clad little boys; but attendant maidens there were none.

It is only a fortnight ago that I mentioned Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer among the poetesses of the Victorian era who would have a claim on the notice of future students of English literature. I have now regretfully to chronicle her death. She has had extremely delicate health for years, and her husband has watched over her, kept all trouble from her, and devoted himself to sheltering and tending her with rare devotion. She was much the younger of the two, and their friends could not help wondering sometimes what she would do if in the course of nature she were bereft of that vigilant and loving care. Less than a year ago that calamity befell her: she lost her husband, and she has not lived long in widowed solitude.

Mrs. Pfeiffer, though her face was worn with suffering and deep thought and feeling, was a very elegant woman. She was an ardent dress reformer, and invented a modification of the ancient Greek peplos, which she always wore. In the days of "improvers" and "draperies," it certainly gave her a peculiar look; but the style suited her tall, slender, willowy figure, and she was always one of the most effective "illustrations" on the platforms at the meetings of Lady Harberton's Dress Reform League. Mrs. Pfeiffer's poetry is exceedingly refined and thoughtful. She was very much in earnest on some social reforms besides dress, and traces of this are found in her works.

Speaking of weddings and poetry, I fancy there is "an opening" for a new "wedding hymn." "Service fully choral" is a familiar announcement nowadays, but there really seems no hymn quite appropriate to the occasion. No great poet or charming poetess has been inspired by the idea, and "the Voice that breathed o'er Eden" has monopolised the opportunity. At the wedding of Mr. Gladstone's son a new hymn, written by Mr. Austin Dobson, was sung. This was far more poetical than the commonplace "Voice that breathed o'er Eden"; but, on the other hand, it was very lugubrious. Part of it runs thus—

Almighty Ruler, in whose hand,
The morrow and its issues stand,
Whate'er the lot Thy will assign,
We can but kneel—our all is Thine.
Summer and winter, seed and grain,
The joy unhop'd that comes of pain,
The ill unknown that good we call,
Thou in thy balance metest all.

Now, this is surely too solemn and full of foreboding; for, though a wedding is an awful event—nay, because it is so solemn—those concerned in it want words of hope and joy and cheer. Who will write another wedding hymn?

Great honour is due to the young woman calling herself Sister Rose Gertrude, who has gone out to nurse in the leper colony, for her courage and self-sacrifice; the more so as she did not undertake it "to be seen of men," but would, if she had not been brought before the public by the Prince of Wales, have gone about it quietly and simply, like a true nurse. But, happily for mankind, such heroism in simple, unpretending women is not rare. Hundreds of nurses every day expose themselves to heavy risk in the ordinary course of their duty. Smallpox, thanks to sanitation and vaccination together, has lost many of its terrors; for forty years there has not been a single case of smallpox among the nurses and servants of the Highgate Smallpox Hospital, who are all vaccinated on their admission to the service of the institution; but scarlet fever, diphtheria, and some other diseases are almost as dangerous to those who nurse them as leprosy, and if contracted often kill or injure for life. Yet many nurses attend on these cases daily, apparently without ever thinking themselves heroic. Well is it for mankind that there is plenty of generous courage and self-devotion with us for daily use in that unpraised quiet of domestic privacy, where the loud reverence of the world does not penetrate to reward (or vulgarise) noble deeds, but where human happiness is most truly made or marred.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



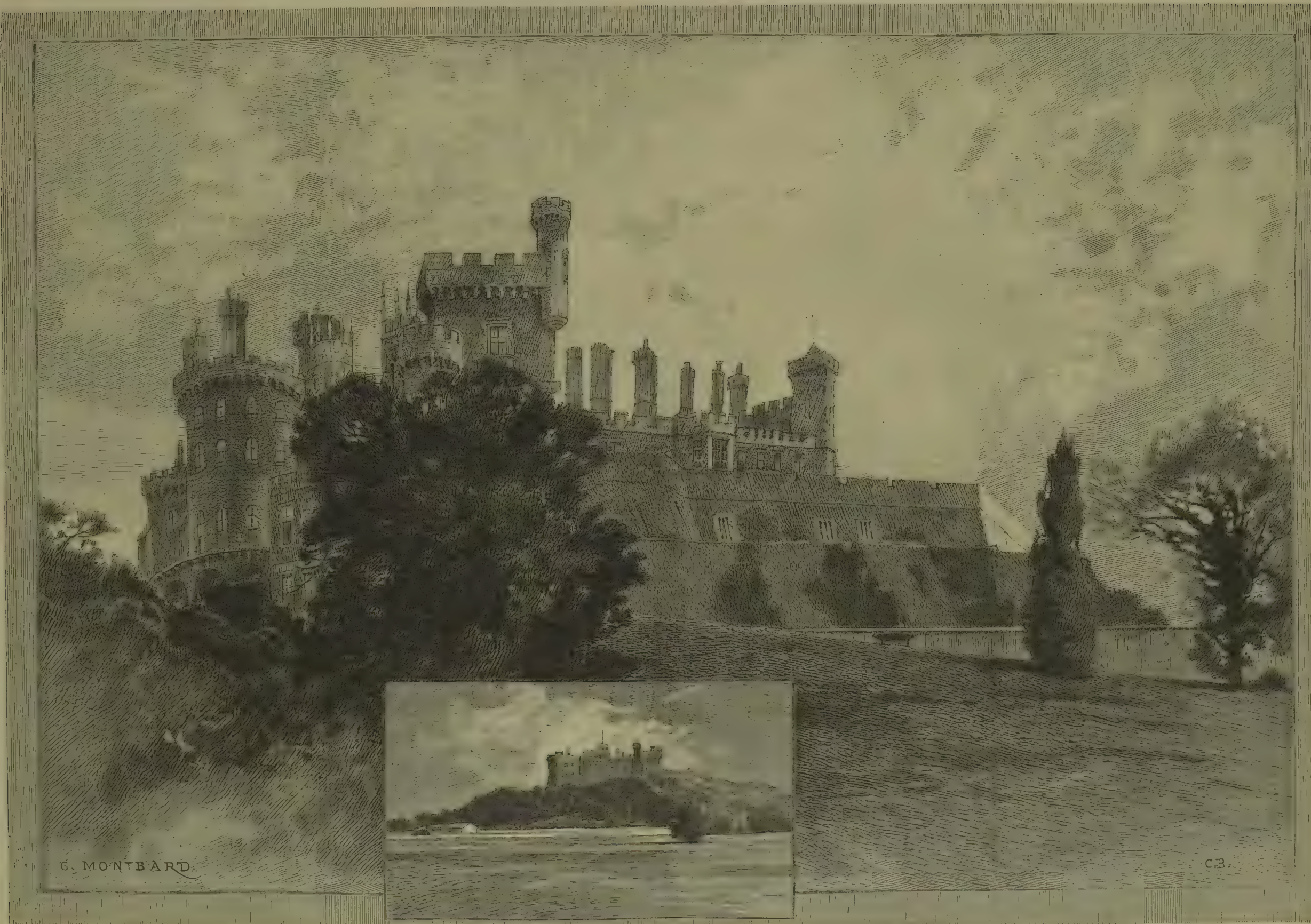
"MARIANA."—BY PROFESSOR GELLI OF FLORENCE.

PROFESSOR GELLI.

Since the so-called revival of Italian art by that clever Venetian Signor Pasini, we have been accustomed to look for little besides bright scenes of street life, brilliantly dressed Court parties, or quaintly costumed crowds on business or pleasure bent. Professor Gelli, who hitherto has been little known outside his native Florence, looks at art from a very different standpoint. Beauty of line and harmony of colour have for him far more attractions than the brilliant kaleidoscopic effects of Pasini's school. He feels that, as a Tuscan, he is bound to uphold, and, if possible, to revive, the traditions of his country's art; and, without pretending to compare his work with even the smallest of the "old masters," it is not difficult to recognise in it an earnestness of purpose and a simplicity of touch very foreign to the ordinary productions of contemporary Italian art. Last week we gave our readers the Engraving of a boy's head, "Giuseppe," a bright face reflecting the sunlight in which it had been passed. "Giuseppe" is an ordinary Tuscan

child, such as one sees by the score when passing through that marvellous "Garden of Eden" which lies between Cortona and Sinalunga—the very heart of Tuscany, with vineyards and cornfields and olive-trees in profusion, and little white villages nestling under every hillside. "Mariana," whom we present to-day, is of a different type. She has none of the open frankness of the *contadina*; none of the unrestrained simplicity of country life. She has lived in towns, and felt the troubles of life, and perhaps even known some of its harder struggles. Her eyes are bright, her face is round and comely, but its lines have already—and she is still young—acquired a decision which is begotten of contact with others shrewder than herself. She has not, however, forgotten that she is a woman, and therefore capable of pleasing. She can wear bright-coloured cloak and hood with as much grace as a Countess going to a ball; and she can look as deeply into the eyes of her lover and fathom his inmost thoughts. But "Mariana" is neither harsh nor *intrigante*; she takes the pleasures of life as they offer themselves, and enjoys herself without misgivings or doubt as to the fortunes

of to-morrow. An Italian in every movement of her supple body, a Tuscan in the grace with which she carries her pretty face, she is well chosen as a type by an artist who desires to revive a national art. Professor Gelli's art-teaching dates from the time when French influence and French sympathies had a far greater hold upon Italians than they do at the present time. It was, therefore, not unnatural that Italian painters should turn to the period of French art in which they found something in common with their special tastes. Greuze and, perhaps, that now almost forgotten painter Fabre, on account of his marriage with Alfieri's widow, were the models upon which, for good or evil, these modern Tuscans hoped to found their style. In their own country they met with considerable support and encouragement; but the sudden change of political feelings south of the Alps, combined with other causes on which it is unnecessary to dwell, rapidly shifted, and it remains to be seen whether the taste for simple figure-painting will again revive, or whether Italian art is to pass through a period of *Sturm und Drang* before settling down on the lines of the modern Tuscan school.



GENERAL VIEW FROM THE ROAD.

VIEW FROM THE PRIVATE GARDENS.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XXIII.

Belvoir Castle.



THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry.

"THE castle of Bellevoire standith yn the utter part that way of Leicestershir, on the very knape of a highe hill, stepe up eche way, partely by nature, partely by working of mennes handes, as it may evidently be perceyvid." So Leland says, and truly.

The way to Belvoir is now-a-days by train from Grantham to the little station of Redmile; and, so going, you shall pass through some of the flattest land in England. The corner of Leicestershire, on the very edge of which Belvoir stands, abuts not only on flat Lincoln, but on Notts, which hereabouts is flatter still. Passing Bottesford, and the high tapering spire of its famous old church, you soon come to Redmile, a station named after the village which lies between it and the castle, perhaps a couple of miles away. The village is but a little one, with a very plain old church and the smallest of inns: it seems, indeed, the country of little things—little trees, small fields, and low hedges (we are here in the heart of the hunting shires). There is even, before you come to the village, a ridge of higher ground that you might almost call a little hill, with a grey windmill standing darkly out against the dull-grey sky.

From the village onward the narrow road runs dead straight—straight as if drawn with a rule—and across it, a mile or more away, there rises, sheer from the plain, a hill that on a misty December day looks like a cloud, with shapes of tower and castle-wall along its ridge. As you draw nearer, turrets and battlements in inky grey stand out more clearly, above the trees that are now seen in the foreground. Nearer still, a line of wood crosses the plain, the boundary of the park; within this is grass, with the brown cattle, rough-coated in winter, wandering across it; and here you can see the outline of the hill, with thick woods guarding its sides, and the great towers above.

The castle stands on a spur of the short hill-range which runs down south-westwards for perhaps eight miles, thickly clad with rich woods, and rising to a mean height of about 100 ft. It has been supposed that the castle-hill itself is partly artificial: it is certain that there was a fortress on its top as early as the Conquest at least, while the discovery of Roman coins here tends to show that it was a Roman camp. Some have held it to be the ancient Margidunum.

From the great Peacock Inn, standing solitary at the hill-foot, a broad carriage-way now takes us easily to the castle, winding round the steep incline, through a wood of tall trees, whose brown leaves on a December day carpet the ground, lying under slim beeches and elms, with ivy clinging to their dark stems. Higher up the hill, turning to mount the last incline, you look down on masses of evergreen, with trees standing up amid them.

Within the century, this last quarter-mile of the road to



THE DAIRY.

Belvoir was not so easy of ascent. Not eighty years ago, it was the custom for eight horses always to wait at the foot of the steep to drag the carriages of visitors uphill; and great was the Duke of Wellington's disgust when the Duke of Rutland of his day made this casier road. "The most foolish thing you ever did in your life!" said he; for he could not but remember that till then the castle had been the stoutest of strongholds. So lately as the days of Charles I. it kept an army at bay for six weeks.

Many historians have written enthusiastically of this lordly site—well-named Belvoir, though ill-spelt by old writers Belvar, Bever, Beauvoir, and varied by them into Belvidere, Belloviso, and Bellovero. (I need hardly note that it seems always to have been pronounced in one way—Bever.) Leland I have quoted. Burton says: "It stands upon the top of a very lofty hill, containing from the foot to the top about two hundred steps; yielding every way a most delicious and pleasing prospect, being accounted one of the best prospects in the land. I have often viewed this castle from the place where I dwell, at Falde, near Tutbury, in the county of Stafford, with the help of a perspective glass, the distance of thirty-two miles." It overlooks the fertile vale of Belvoir—"Barren of wood, very large, and very plentiful of good corne and grasse"—which lies in the three counties of Leicester, Notts, and Lincoln, in the last of which, indeed, many chroniclers have placed Belvoir. There is, however, no doubt that it is—by whatever fraction of a mile—in Leicestershire.

As the road comes out from the wood the castle faces you, magnificent with tower, turret, and chapel, splendid in its sombre colour of yellow-brown, deepening into red, against the strong green of the grassy slope in front. It is, before all things, a castle. No flowers are seen near its foot, but only the green glacis sloping up to the bastion, from whose low wall eight brazen cannon point. Behind these the great round tower rises, of yellow marlstone, darker above: over its four lofty storeys of windows is a high battlement, and over this again the flagstaff, with flying flag when the owner is at home. At the left-hand corner of this, the grand front, is a massive square tower. Nearer the centre is the great chapel-window, with its turrets rising on each hand; and, farther to the right, another square tower flanks the building.

At the left end there stands back a smaller tower, in the lower part of which is a covered carriage-way. Here guests, stepping out under shelter, can pass into the long entrance-passage which leads to the guard-room and the grand staircase.

Some critics find fault with the style in which this castle is built, as being too nineteenth-century in its feudalism; but it is almost a sufficient answer to point to the pictures of the bare barrack-like building of a century or so ago, and to the present magnificent place: specially remembering that Belvoir is, and ought to be, a castle, and not a mere dwelling-house. The foundations of the sturdy Staunton Tower date back to the Conquest; and not very long ago a landslip laid bare some part of an old wall which went round the glacis. The countrypeople used to drive their cattle into this stronghold in troublous times.

Walking round the castle, one has a succession of magnificent views over the fertile country which lies below. Northerly lies Lincoln, its cathedral towers distinctly to be seen, on a clear day, though they are thirty miles away—we must remember how, in Macaulay's splendid chronicle—

Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent.

Looking along the Vale of Belvoir, indeed, all our view is Lincolnshire, but quite unlike the Lincolnshire of one's imagination—flat and green as a billiard-table, with not a feature in the landscape but here and there a long dike or a tall church spire. Here we overlook a billowy sea of woodland, with spurs of the marlstone hills running into the plain, with ridges of trees crossing the valley here and there, with a lovely little lake—a widening of the river Devon—lying near the foot of the castle hill, and in the farthest distance shadowy hills that cross and cut off the view. Then to the west lies the great town of Nottingham, some one-and-twenty miles away; nearly due north is Newark, perhaps half as far as Lincoln; and the nearest town of any size is Grantham, only six miles off to the east. At the corner of the north end stands the high square Staunton Tower, old and grey. A parapet hides the gardens and lawn-tennis grounds, on embankments made for sterner uses in the sharp slope of the hill; though, indeed, if we peep over the low wall we shall see, immediately beneath it, a very ancient garden, with its formal beds of old-fashioned flowers.

One ought to say much of the gardens of Belvoir—as, indeed, how much might be said of the splendid views, just now barely mentioned! But when a hundred and seventy-three towns, villages, and hamlets are to be seen, description is discouraged.

Just down the slope in front of the castle is the charming little Statue Garden: you cannot see it from the glacis, though it is so near that you may almost smell the violets—here blooming in their multitudes in the first week in December. But flowers and cannon hardly go-together, and, besides, one likes a garden to be quite private; so this one is ensconced beneath a little ridge of the hill. Statues of heathen deities and Chinese monsters stand among the violets and primroses, and the crowds of other flowers that make the little nook gay in their seasons; and there are pretty peeps of the valley between this and the other spurs of hill round which winds the "Duke's Walk." This is a path which takes you for some three miles by gardens, grottoes, wayside seats and springs, and so back to the castle.

Just round the corner of the first hill is perhaps the most beautiful sight to be seen at Belvoir: the loveliest garden, it is said, in England, and the most interesting. For not far short of thirty years Mr. William Ingram, one of the ablest of English horticulturists, has been working at this and the other gardens of Belvoir; and he has made them not only things of beauty but teachers of the history of the earth, lovely pictures to illustrate the "fairy tales of science."

Here, in a little hollow of the hill, sheltered from every side but the south, lies the Duchess's Garden, thronged with trees, flowers, and shrubs from all the world. What shelter will do is well shown at Belvoir; a great magnolia grows by the castle wall, and here are bamboos from Japan and groups of camellia lovely in their season, while hardy Alpine plants peep from the rocky bank, and rare flowers from Norway, from Siberia, from the farthest Himalayas, all grow and flourish on the heights or in the valley. Most beautiful is the garden in spring, when in older times it had hardly a flower; the trickling waterfall—found here a few years ago by the divining rod—is scarcely set free by the February sun, to prattle down its steep staircase of rock, before the earliest flowers bloom in the Duchess's Garden.

On the hillside there is a pretty Italian arcade, its flat roof trellised and shady; and, by the quaint old rough-hewn summerhouse, a monument bears one of the best known of the many inscriptions in the grounds of Belvoir. This is a verse of eight lines, written forty years ago by Miss Fanny Kemble, then often a guest at Belvoir—with other lines, only now added by her after an interval so near to half a century.

The great botanic and kitchen gardens must be seen, though they are some way from here. Down the long range of steps from the castle, past the great stables—of yellowish stone, forming three sides of a quadrangle round the stone-roofed exercising—past laundries, bakehouse, and poultry-yard, we come to the three orchards of Belvoir. Not far from them is the Wilderness, which was a garden in its day—very likely the day of that Earl of Rutland who is said to have been the first, two centuries ago, to force grapes under glass. Near the botanic garden are planthouses, their roofs ridged after Mr. Ingram's invention; and in them, or in the open air, is an infinite variety of plants which he has brought from abroad and naturalised, of exotics, and of delicious grapes.

One could linger in the gardens of Belvoir all day, or many days; but one must not, when there is yet the castle to be viewed. We must neglect even the delightful dairy, and the kennel with its three packs of hounds—a mile away, this latter—and climb up the many steps to the gate-tower, over whose huge doors are painted the arms of Rutland. So, by a passage hung with guns and fire-buckets, to the Guard-Room: just noting for its quaint name the Speak-a-Word Room, where the tenants have often told their troubles to their Duke.

It is good that a castle should begin with a Guard-Room, and the Guard-Room at Belvoir Castle is a very good one: a great, handsome hall, with a gallery running across it and the Grand Staircase descending into it. Along its sides hang old



VIEW FROM THE DUKE'S WALK.

militia flint-locks; stars of cavalry swords are on the walls; weatherbeaten Yeomanry flags—not without an admixture of old French and English standards—add their faded colour to the place. Above the great fireplace, to right and left, stand men in armour, ancient and gloomy; and in the gallery are figures, newer and gaudier to look upon, whose gilded armour is copied from work of Benvenuto Cellini.

Up the Grand Staircase, formidable with cannon, and past the wide landing—where hang at full length the late Queen Anne and her less famous spouse—we come to the fine series of portraits of nine Earls of Rutland, in their order as they lived and died. Hence to the Regent's Gallery is but a step; and the Regent's Gallery is the great "show-room" of the house. Very long—128 ft.—it looks far longer than it is; for the wall at one end is but a great mirror—wherein you see yourself so clearly and truly, advancing to meet yourself, that you start back confused, not certain if it is anyone you know.

The apparent length of the Gallery is also increased by its narrowness. For the most part it is only eighteen feet across, though near the middle a deep bay doubles this width. All along the prevailing colour of this bright and handsome room is white, with some gold, a little red, and a pale delicate green hardly deeper than the white itself. The walls are hung with tapestry a hundred and twenty years old, whereon is to be seen the story of Don Quixote. On the chimneypiece is some beautiful Crown Derby china. "Curiosities" shown here are ten silver trowels, used by Dukes of Rutland in the laying of foundation-stones, and a chair carved from the wood of the tree close to which Wellington often stood during the battle of Waterloo. The pictures and marble busts are portraits, and, for the most part, family portraits. Among them is the "beautiful Duchess," some part of whose charms is quoted in a quaint "recipe to make a perfect woman," given in the *Newcastle Courant* of June 30, 1781: "Duchess of Devonshire's countenance, Lady Salisbury's figure, Lady C. Talbot's grace, Lady Jersey's forehead, Mrs. Bouverie's teeth, Lady Essex's eyes, Lady Dashwood's nose, Miss Hotham's chameleon, Lady Horatio Walpole's complexion, Lady Maria's neck, *Duchess of Rutland's hand and arm*, Mrs. Damer's foot, Lady Sefton's majesty, Mrs. Conyer's good-humour, Lady B. Talmash's wit, and Lady Betty Henley's vivacity!"

After the Regent's Gallery, the Chapel: which fills, with it,

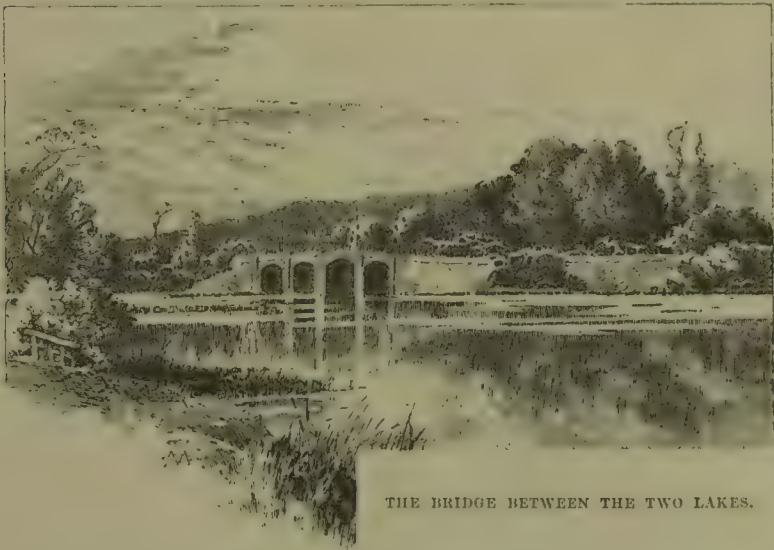
almost the entire length of the castle front. This, though not large, is very lofty; it is Perpendicular in style, with walls of a pale-cream colour, on which hang tapestry-copies of the cartoons of Raffaele. The altarpiece is one of the great pictures of Belvoir, a Holy Family of Murillo: a fine painting, as far as one could judge peering down from the high gallery on a dull December day. And so to the dark-brown Library—or libraries, for a second room opens out of the principal one. Here hang three Dukes in a row above the fireplace—in goodly company of each other and their ancient books and famous MSS., some richly illuminated and of great worth. One gathers, from a glance round these bookshelves, that modern literature does not hold the place of honour at Belvoir.

Next to the libraries—going round the courtyard which the castle encloses—comes the Picture Gallery, where is some fine work, well hung, and for the most part Italian or Dutch; as is, perhaps, usually the way with Old Masters. Still, some beautiful Claude Lorraines, Murillos, and Gainsboroughs give a catholicism to the collection of Belvoir.

The gallery is wide and spacious: so large, indeed, that one wonders how it can be thoroughly lighted with only oil-lamps and candles. For it is to be noticed that no strikes of gas-makers can affect Belvoir: it is one of the very few great houses in England which will go direct from oil to electricity. Of the later illuminant there are no signs here yet; but it can hardly be long in coming.

Of the pictures hanging on the pale-red walls one can but catalogue a few. The first which catches the eye is, strange to say, the best-known picture in the room; and certainly one of the oddest in England. At the first glance it is only a large Dutch village-scene, very bright and pleasant in colour, very breezy and vigorous; but a moment's attention shows that the whole picture is filled with varied figures, all most differently and curiously occupied. The painting is called Teniers's "Dutch Proverbs," and illustrates, in one crowded scene, some thirty proverbs, many of them as well known here as in Holland—"An ill wind that blows nobody good," for example, and "Holding a candle to the devil."

Other Dutch pictures are the "Grace Before Meat" of Jan Steen—a very pretty family group, with a child being taught to "say grace"—a large Saint Catherine by Rubens, and a lovely little Gerard Dhow, "The Bird-cage." There is a fine, straddling Henry VIII. by Holbein, and a very interesting Charles I. Of English pictures one notices, perhaps, as much as any, a good Gainsborough—chiefly concerned with cows—and a very charming portrait of "the Duke of Rutland and his sister as children," by Sir Joshua. Finally, as one must be very



THE BRIDGE BETWEEN THE TWO LAKES.

brief, there is an interesting series of seven pictures, illustrating the Seven Sacraments of the Roman Church, by Nicholas Poussin. And, by way of furniture, some very fine carved chairs in this gallery should also be noticed.

Hereafter comes the Grand Dining-Room: where, at the great table, thirty-six people can dine with ease. Round the room are five splendid mirrors, over great sideboards of walnut-wood: very fine and stately furniture for the dinner-chamber of such a house. The fretted ceiling is bright and handsome, and old faces of the family look down from the walls in good portraits: a notable one is the shining bald head of the Marquis of Granby, painted by Sir Joshua.

There is a side-table in this room which is a triumph of that kind of art which sets itself to deceive the beholder. You make sure that it is covered with a white tablecloth—but touch, and you find that all is solid marble! This was carved by Matthew Wyatt, a sculptor, brother of the architect.

From this room some high, fine passages lead to the Elizabeth Saloon, named after the Duchess who died in 1825. Her statue, by Matthew Wyatt, stands here—a good likeness, as one sees from the pictures; and there are great portraits, on stands, of herself and her husband. The room is handsome, after the manner of Louis Quatorze—bright with much gold and white—and has, especially, a richly painted ceiling: this is by Wyatt, and was sixteen years in the painting, they say. There is some fine china, and many charming little enamels.

A step, and we are in the Grand Corridor, which is also the ballroom; a curious but a pretty arrangement it is—a kind of open room, of which the staircase, as one may say, forms a part. Here hang the portraits of four of the seven Dukes of Rutland. There is a fine fan-ceiling, which, with the architecture of the corridor generally, has been copied from parts of Lincoln Cathedral.

Many other rooms at Belvoir are well worth the seeing—and the describing, had one the space; but the Duke of Rutland is good-natured, and allows the house to be shown any day. So I will leave to be beheld the Queen's Sitting-Room, in the great Staunton Tower, with its pretty view—not quite so wide as most of the views at Belvoir—and the Chinese Rooms, celestial as their name. Also the King's Rooms, so called because George IV. slept in them when he was not King.

There is a very fine collection of plate at Belvoir, and the housekeeping rooms have their objects of interest to show; but, alas! the glory of the great cellars is gone. The wine-cellar is still here, beneath the Staunton Tower, and in the very oldest part of the castle—as old, in all likelihood, as William the Norman. The beer-cellar, indeed, are here too; but—for good and sufficient reasons, no doubt—the beer has departed. Belvoir no longer brews its own ale, to fill the huge barrel called "Robert de Todeni"—within which a dozen persons have dined at once—nor its younger brother, "The Marquis of Granby," whose respectable allowance was thirteen hogsheds.

From the cellars one more journey should be made, the last and longest—right up to the highest point of the flag-tower: climbing the which, by the aid of a ladder or so, you shall

have a glorious view north, east, south, and west. Faraway, yet to be seen with good eyes on a clear day, are Nottingham Castle to the west and Lincoln Cathedral to the north-east: close to, down under your feet, you look upon a little town of roofs and turrets, clustering round the courtyard of the Castle. The Round Tower, the Egyptian Tower, the Dining-room Tower, the famous Staunton Tower, a neighbour so fameless as to have no name, and the North-east Tower: this, as I made out, was their order.

It needs not to be said that in such a house are countless antiquities and relics of historical interest that I have not even named; but of two interesting discoveries of late years mention, however brief, must be made.

First, in the course of excavations for iron in the Middle Lias Plateau—to give it its proper geological name—which lies about a mile and a half from Belvoir, relics of Britons, Romans, and Saxons were found, all of whom in their time had used this dry and high hillside as a camping ground. Here were querns, Roman and British, beads, bronze instruments, and some store of parched wheat.

But in 1888 a yet more interesting "find" was made. In a loft under the stable-roof, Mr. H. C. Maxwell Lyte, the Deputy Keeper of the Records, who was then examining the manuscripts at the castle, discovered a vast mass of old papers. "No one had entered the room for some years," he says. "A curtain of cobwebs hung from the rafters, and the floor was so covered with documents, piled to a height of three or four feet, that at first there was hardly standing room. Over everything there was a thick layer of plaster and dirt. . . . Rats had done lasting damage to valuable MSS. by gnawing and staining them." But an immense quantity of most interesting and important letters and records were found, and are now being published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission. In the first half-hour Mr. Lyte came across a holograph letter of Lord Burghley, a military petition addressed to the Marquis of Granby in the reign of George III., and a letter from Charles James Fox. Nor were these unfair samples of the whole. Perhaps the most interesting of all is a letter from the Earl of Warwick, the "King-maker," to Henry Vernon of Haddon Hall, whose urgent postscript—"Henry, I pray you fail not now hereof, as ever I may do for you"—is probably the only extant specimen of Warwick's handwriting. It will be remembered that the Vernons were related by marriage—as were, indeed, half the greatest families of the country—to the fortunate Lords of the castle of Belvoir.

For the story of this stronghold and noble mansion, from its first building full nine centuries ago, through sieges and rebuildings, adornments and fires, to the present day; for the chronicles of the nine Earls whose portraits hang at the staircase-head, and the Dukes whom we see in paintings and in marble bust in the libraries and saloons: these are long indeed, did one attempt to tell them fully. With what has come to light during the last two years, the history of Belvoir would make a large book; I can here but briefly trace it, from point to point of greatest interest.

De Todenei, Ros, and Mannors, these are the names of the holders of Belvoir since the Conquest. Its sieges in the two great Civil Wars are the striking events of its history; and perhaps the most popular name associated with it is that of the stout old hero—patron saint of so many ancient inns—the Marquis of Granby.

The founder of the castle, so far as history tells us, was Robert de Todenei—known afterwards as Robert de Belvedere—a Norman knight, who built this fortress "to bridle the Saxons." That he served his master well we may believe, from the fact that when he died, in 1088, he was possessed of fourscore of lordships.

His son, William de Albini, was a great warrior, and did the best of the fighting at the battle of Tenchebray. He was learned in the law, too, and a Justice Itinerant in King Stephen's time; but he took the side of the Empress Maud—the owners of Belvoir were generally unlucky in the side they chose—and Stephen granted all his land to Ranulf de Gernons, Earl of Chester, whose help he wished to gain; and Henry II. confirmed this grant. However, though Belvoir seems to have been for a time actually under the jurisdiction of the Earl of Chester, the next William de Albini duly inherited the possessions of his father. William, the first, retired into the Priory of St. Mary, which his father had founded in the Vale of Belvoir.

His grandson, another William, took an active part in the opposition to King John, and was one of the twenty-five Barons who forced him to sign Magna Charta. The granddaughter of this Lord married Sir Mauger Staunton: "the Stauntons" (says Thorton in his "History of Nottinghamshire") "were ever esteemed to hold of the Lords of Belvoir by castle-guard; where Staunton Tower is yet to be found, sufficiently guarded by the strength of its own liquor, with which the bottom of it is usually replenished." Till our own day the custom has been kept up, that when the Sovereign visits Belvoir Castle one of the Staunton family shall present him with the key of Staunton Tower. The tenure of castle-guard was the undertaking to furnish guards, when necessary, for the defence of this stronghold of the castle, in lieu of rent.

William died about 1217; his body was buried before the high altar at Belvoir Priory, and his heart at Croxton. By the marriage of his daughter and heiress, Isabel, to Robert de Ros, Belvoir passed to this family, but seemed, at first, likely to make no long stay there; for Robert de Ros took the losing side in the Barons' War. However, he was pardoned by the King—for a consideration—and not only kept his castle but strengthened it by building a new embattled wall.

His eldest son, William de Ros, was not content with a mere barony, and entered into the competition for the crown of Scotland, then vacant. He claimed through his great-grandmother, Isabel, daughter of William the Lion; but unsuccessfully.

In the year 1306 "it was found that it would be no damage to the King or to any other person if William de Ros had liberty to enclose one hundred acres of spiny in his manor of



VIEW FROM THE STABLES.

Belvoir, the utmost value of which did not exceed two shillings, with a wall and a ditch, to make a park of it."

The next William, who died in 1342, was a statesman of some mark, and was one of the Commissioners appointed to treat for peace with Robert the Bruce. His widow, the Lady Margery, was almost the only person who went from England to the Jubilee at Rome in 1350: the King had forbidden such journeys, as likely to take large sums of money out of the country.

William's brother John, called *le bon Compagnon*, was also an eminent, but a hotblooded, person. He quarrelled with Hugh le Despenser in Lincoln Cathedral, and they came to blows and drawn swords in the holy place. The De Ros of this century were fighting men; two of the next four died on their way to the Holy Land, and of these, one—a third William—had commanded the second division of the English army at the battle of Crecy when he was only nineteen.

Thomas, Lord Ros, who lived in the troubled reign of Henry VI., seemed for once to have chosen the right side. He was a stout Lancastrian, and the King rewarded him, for great expenses and losses in his service, first by giving him leave, in 1453, "to transport 20,000 wool-fells called morling and shorling without paying any custom for the same," and, seven years later, by granting him an annuity of forty pounds arising out of manors forfeited by the Earl of Salisbury. But, alas! in the very next year, the Yorkists having won their long fight, he was attainted in Parliament, and (as Itapin tells us) beheaded.

His possessions were divided among the partisans of Edward IV., and Belvoir fell to the share of Lord Hastings, who naturally enough came northwards to take possession of his own. But Lord Ros, though—probably—dead, had a stout friend still in one Mr. Harrington, who held the castle against its new owner with much obstinacy—"whereupon the Lord Hastings came thither another tyme with a strong poure, and upon a raging wyllie spoild the castelle, defacing the rofes and taking the leades of them, wherewith they were all covered. Then felle al the castelle to ruin."

The Hastings family possessed Belvoir for more than twenty years; but then Edmund, the son of Thomas, Lord Ros, recovered his property of Henry VII., the attainder being repealed. Edmund, however, was an idiot. His estates were managed for him by his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Lovell, and were divided at his death between his sisters. The eldest of these, Eleanor, married Sir Robert de Mannors, of Ethale, in Northumberland, and thenceforth Belvoir was in the possession of this great family.

It was Thomas, the grandson of Robert de Mannors, who was first created Earl of Rutland—a title which had belonged to Edmund, younger brother of Edward IV., and had never before been conferred on any who were not of the blood royal. Thomas de Mannors had also an augmentation to the ancient arms of the family, by reason of his descent from Edward IV.'s sister. He was altogether a notable man, and a wealthy one: in 1541 many church-lands were granted to him, and he used much of his wealth in rebuilding Belvoir Castle in such style that, when it was finished by his son, it was said to be "nobler than ever before."

Noting that from the Earl's second son John are descended the present Dukes of Rutland, and that his eldest son and heir, Henry, seems to have been a soldier of some fame, we may



FOOTPATH LEADING TO THE CASTLE.

pass to Edward the third Earl, statesman and jurist. In 1586 he held the chief place in the Commission sent by Queen Elizabeth to form a league between herself and James VI. of Scotland. "This league was articulated," Holinshed tells us, "and Commissioners thereto appointed: the right honourable Edward Earl of Rutland (a compleat nobleman, answerable to the etymon of his name, and very well deserving the poet's report—

*nomen virginitatis aequat
Nec sinit ingendum nobilitate premi,*

the lord William Evers, and also Thomas Randolph Esquier." Camden says that the Queen desired to make him—"being



BELVOIR CASTLE, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

a profound lawyer and a man accomplished in all polite learning"—Lord Chancellor, on the death of Chancellor Bromley; but, as fate would have it, Lord Rutland was the first to die, by six days.

On his death, in 1587, his titles were divided. His only daughter, Elizabeth, succeeded to that of Ros, and, at the age of thirteen, married William Cecil, the grandson of Lord Burleigh. Four years after her father's death, the girl too died, leaving a son, William, not a year old. He afterwards disputed with Francis, Earl of Rutland, his title and possessions, and maintained his right to the barony of Ros; but, in the end, the Earl outlived him, and succeeded to his titles.

This Earl Francis was already the third after Edward, who had been succeeded by his brother John, who in another year died and left the title to Roger, his son. To Roger succeeded his brother Francis, and to Francis yet a third brother, George.

Roger, fifth Earl, married the daughter of the famous Sir Philip Sidney. He was concerned in the rising of his friend the Earl of Essex in 1600, but was in favour with King James, and entertained him royally at Belvoir, on his progress from Edinburgh to London, and again, a few months later, in the same year. James stayed a night at the castle, and they performed for his amusement Ben Jonson's masque of "The Metamorphosed Gypsies." He seems to have enjoyed himself thoroughly, and made forty-six knights before breakfast next morning.

Francis became Earl in 1612. He was a man of importance in his day, and of great wealth; but the most interesting memorial of him that has come to us is the trial of the women who, as he believed, did to death by witchcraft two of his children in their infancy. "On the 11th of March, 1618-9," says Nichol, in his great "History of Leicestershire," "two women, named Margaret and Philippa Flower, were burnt at Lincoln for the alleged crime of witchcraft. With their mother, Joan Flower, they had been confidential servants of the Earl and Countess of Rutland at Belvoir Castle. Dissatisfaction with their employers seems gradually to have seduced these three women into the practice of hidden hearts in order to obtain revenge. According to their own confession, they had entered into communication with familiar spirits, by which they were assisted in their wicked designs. Joan Flower, the mother, had hers in the bodily form of a cat, which she called 'Rutterkin.' They used to get the hair of a member of the family and burn it; they would steal one of his gloves and plunge it in boiling water, or rub it on the back of Rutterkin, in order to effect bodily harm to its owner. They would also use frightful imprecations of wrath and malice towards the object of their hatred." It was years before the Earl and Countess "became convinced that they were the victims of a hellish plot"; but then "the three women were apprehended, taken to Lincoln jail, and examined. The mother loudly protested innocence, and, calling for bread and butter, wished it might choke her if she were guilty of the offences laid to her charge. Immediately, taking a piece into her mouth, she fell down dead."

The daughters were tried before Chief Justice Sir Henry Hobbert, and condemned to be burnt alive. The remarkable fact is that both fully admitted the devilish practices of which they were accused.

A daughter of this sixth Earl of Rutland made a great marriage, under circumstances somewhat unusual, one must hope. The Duke of Buckingham seems to have fallen in love with her, and "having tempted her, and carried her to his lodgings in Whitehall, kept her there some time, and then returned her to her father. Upon which the stout old Earl sent him this threatening message: 'That he had too much of a gentleman to suffer such indignity; and if he did not marry his daughter to repair her honour, no greatness should protect him from his justice.' Buckingham, who perhaps made it his design to get her father's good will this way, she being the greatest match in the kingdom, had no reason to dislike the union; and therefore he quickly salved up the wound before it grew into a quarrel."

The third successive son of "John, fourth Earl"—who was Sir George, knighted for valour in the field by the Earl of Essex, in Ireland, in the year 1599—succeeded to the title, and, in 1611, died without issue. Then inherited a descendant of Sir John Manners, the second son of Thomas, first Earl of Rutland, mentioned some while ago.

Sir John it was who made the famous runaway match with Dorothy Vernon, daughter of Sir George Vernon of Nether Haddon, in Derbyshire—called, for his thirty lordships and manors, his magnificence and hospitality, the King of the Peak. At Haddon Hall, dear to painters and poets, there are still shown the ball-room from which the heiress stole away, and the little terrace doorway through which she crept.

Her long rich gown trails, rustling, as she treads
Down the steps stealthily; her heart the while
Throbs wildly: at their foot she pauses long.
The old terrace walk is silent as a tomb.
Her small gloved hand rests on the balustrade,
White in the moon's pale gleam. O Haddon's star,
And shall you not be missed, if you grow dim?

So sang Thomas Ashe, in his "Idyll of Haddon," but went on to tell us how the King of the Peak quickly forgave the lovers. (Behold the proof—the estates of the Vernons are still in the Manners family, and as lately as 1877 I find Haddon Hall given as one of the seats of the Duke of Rutland: though it had then long ceased to be inhabited, but by a housekeeper.)

It was the grandson of Sir John Manners who became, in 1641, eighth Earl of Rutland. This nobleman held steadily to the Parliamentary side in the Civil War—with the usual consequences, as far as Belvoir Castle was concerned.

The value of such a fortress, commanding the level country round, was soon felt, and three Cavaliers—Sir Gervase Lucas, Viscount Campden, and Mr. Mason, Rector of the village of Ashwell, not far away—raised a force and attacked it in January 1642-3; and before long their standard of blue and gold, with its motto "Ut Rex sit Rex," floated from the flag-tower of Belvoir. From this centre, for some three years, the Cavaliers made their raids upon the neighbouring towns. There was one specially successful attack on Melton Mowbray, whence they brought back prisoners and spoil to the castle. They were not always successful, of course, and once or twice were thoroughly beaten by parties of Cromwell's troops: moreover, there were quarrels among the King's commanders, and in January the Governor of Belvoir was (among others) deprived of his post. But there can be no doubt that, on the whole, the cavalier garrison of Belvoir was, during these years, a terrible thorn in the side of the Parliament. In 1645 the King slept here twice; and not very long after that it was determined that the malignant stronghold must be taken.

The garrison at first held out stoutly. On Nov. 25 the outworks and the stables, which had been fortified, were taken by storm, and the whole village of Belvoir was demolished by the permission of the Earl of Rutland. Yet a summons to surrender was disdainfully received, although the spring of water was taken, and the garrison had to depend upon rain-water and snow.

On Jan. 15, a "mortarpiece, shells, and equipage," then stationed at Reading, were sent to aid in the siege of Belvoir;

but they were captured on the way. However, on Jan. 29 a second summons to surrender was received without any disdain at all; and Sir Gervase Lucas, after a long and honourable defence, gave up the castle.

After the death of Charles, the Commons ordered Belvoir Castle to be destroyed, but compensated its faithful owner. It was not rebuilt until after the Restoration.

The ninth Earl, like his father, was on the side of the people: he was deprived of the Lord Lieutenancy of Leicester by James II.—in favour of a Roman Catholic, of course—and was among the first of the English nobility to join the Prince of Orange on his landing. In the reign of Anne he was created Marquis of Granby and first Duke of Rutland.

The former of these titles was made famous by the brave soldier who fought at Minden, and was, in his time, the popular hero of England. An odd proof of his popularity is found in the number of public-houses which were named after him; and his memory is now kept ever green by the immortality conferred by Charles Dickens on one of them—"The Markis o' Granby, Dorking."

The Marquis was Commander-in-Chief in 1760. He did not live to succeed to the dukedom; but his eldest son became in his time fourth Duke, succeeding his grandfather, John, in whose veins, by the way, the blood of the Manners was mingled with that of the Russells. His mother was Catherine, daughter of the noble patriot Lord William Russell. It is very remarkable with how many great houses the Manners have formed alliances: in the days of Edward IV. a Manners married a Plantagenet, and, later, one sees in their pedigree the names (among many others) of Vernon, Neville, Cecil, Sidney, Villiers, Montagu, Russell, Pelham, Seymour, and Howard.

The fourth Duke died, still a young man, in 1787, while he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; his successor, then a boy nine years old, held the dukedom for no less than seventy years, dying in January 1857. By him the castle was, one may say, twice rebuilt; for the magnificent work which he began soon after he had attained his majority was almost finished when, in 1816, a terrible fire destroyed the whole of the north-east and north-west fronts. More than half of the splendid collection of pictures was burnt; but, happily, no life was lost. Within five months the rebuilding of the castle was again begun, Wyatt being, as before, the architect.

The Duchess, who took a great share in supervising and planning the new house as it rose from the fire, chose for herself the spot—facing the windows of "The Duchess's Boudoir"—where was built the mausoleum in which she, and many of her family, now lie buried. An avenue of splendid yews leads to this little Norman building, within whose apse there stands, beautifully lighted from above, Wyatt's masterpiece of sculpture—the tomb and statue of the Duchess, with the four children who died before her.

Apart from the rebuilding, the recent history of Belvoir, but for the deaths of the fifth and sixth Dukes, has known no incidents more stirring than the visits of George IV. when Prince Regent, of the Dowager Queen Adelaide in 1839, of Queen Victoria—with the Prince Consort and the Duke of Wellington—in December 1843, and of the Prince of Wales in 1866 and again in 1873. At the Queen's visit the ancient ceremony of the Staunton Tower was kept up—its key was presented, on a velvet cushion, to the sovereign, by the Rev. Dr. Staunton, the representative of the old family.

The present Duke of Rutland had spent a long life in public work before, in 1888, he succeeded to the Dukedom on his brother's death. Lord John Manners—to use the name that all men know—has interpreted the motto of his family, "Pour y parvenir," in its nobler sense: to attain a high place in the service of his country he has worked, long and loyally. As a young man, he wrote a good deal, and as a poet attained an early fame, so far at least as one couplet was concerned; and he was the pioneer of the "Young Englanders" movement, as it was nicknamed. But it is as Postmaster-General that Lord John Manners is perhaps best remembered.

EDWARD ROSE.

The inter-University Boat-race will be rowed on Wednesday, March 26, when the tide serves at half past four o'clock in the afternoon.

The Duke of Hamilton has been granting allotments to his tenants at Kettleburgh, in Suffolk, on a generous scale, which has given great satisfaction in the district.

The Rev. Christian Mortimer, Rector of Pitchford, near Shrewsbury, has been offered and has accepted the Residentiary Canonry and Precentorship of Lichfield Cathedral, vacant by the resignation of Bishop Abraham.

The City Commissioners of Sewers have accepted a proposal for the lighting of a further portion of the City by electricity, and arrangements have been made for the installation of the electric light in two thirds of the City.

Mr. James Sheil, one of the Metropolitan Police Magistrates, has been elected Treasurer of the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn for the ensuing year, in succession to Mr. Bowen Rowlands, Q.C., M.P., whose term of office will expire on April 14.

The Marquis of Bute delivered the inaugural address of the University College of South Wales at Cardiff. He advocated the study of the classics, and that more attention should be given to the Italian and Spanish languages.

Prince Christian, presiding at the annual meeting of the Windsor and Eton Royal Infirmary, said he had received a telegram stating that the Princess was recovering rapidly from her recent attack of influenza, and would soon be restored to her usual health.

The Dowager Duchess of Northumberland's living of Kirkby Wiske, in Yorkshire, recently held by Dr. Palleine, now Bishop of Richmond, is again vacant by the acceptance of the Missions to Seamen Chaplaincy on the Mersey by the Rev. Charles M. Woosnam, the Rector. It is not every day that any man, clerical or lay, resigns a good living to take more than double the work, with little more than half the income, as Mr. Woosnam does in giving up a pleasant rectory-house, £643 per year, and a nice country parish in an agreeable neighbourhood, to work in the lowest slums of Liverpool. The Mission of which Mr. Woosnam accepts the charge has six mission-rooms, with a staff of five readers, and has been working among sailors for thirty-three years.

The four pensions just granted out of the Civil List show the very wide interpretation given to the term "distinction in science, literature, or art" which is required of the recipients in the words of the Statute. Mrs. Hatch, who receives £100 per annum, is the widow of Canon Hatch, who held a distinguished position as a Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, and as a Bampton Lecturer. Miss Rosamund Barnard, who receives £75 per annum, is the daughter of Sir Henry Barnard, who distinguished himself at Delhi during the Indian Mutiny; Miss Ellen Tupper, who receives a similar annuity, is the daughter of the late Mr. M. F. Tupper, the widely known author of "Proverbial Philosophy"; and Dr. William Spark, who receives £50 per annum, is an organist at Leeds, who has identified himself with the musical distinction which that town has achieved and maintained for so many years.

MUSIC.

The Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall are continuing to interest rather by repetitions of great works of classical composers than by frequent introduction of novelties of ephemeral or of no value. The productions of the great masters of the past will bear any number of repetitions, increased familiarity generally serving to promote a more thorough appreciation of their transcendent merits; whereas much of the music of the day that is forced into factitious prominence produces its chief (or only) effect by the excellence of the interpretation, which is a characteristic of the Popular Concerts. Since our last notice of these, Herr Stavenhagen has reappeared, and confirmed the marked impression previously made by his excellence as a pianist possessed of all the modern refinements of executive skill. At the afternoon performance on Feb. 1, Herr Franz Rummel was the solo pianist, and displayed high merits as an interpreter of classical music by his artistic performance of Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, for piano solo. Miss L. Lehmann was the vocalist of the day. Mr. F. Rummel was announced to reappear at the evening concert of the following Monday, when Miss Neilson was engaged as the vocalist.

Mr. John Boosey's "London Ballad Concerts" at St. James's Hall are maintaining their attractiveness by the interest and variety of the programmes. The latest occasion was an afternoon performance, at which there was a copious selection from the works of Sir Arthur Sullivan, including extracts from the Gilbert-Sullivan operas.

One important series of orchestral concerts has just come to a close, and another series of similar performances will soon be terminated. The fourth and last of the concerts given at St. James's Hall by Sir Charles Hallé, with his famed Manchester band, took place on Feb. 7; and on the previous evening the fifth and last but one of Mr. Henschel's "London Symphony Concerts"—also at St. James's Hall—was given. Of the performances we must speak hereafter.

Increased activity will soon be apparent in musical performances in and around London. One important revival is that of the Saturday Afternoon Concerts at the Crystal Palace, which are resumed on Feb. 8, having been suspended since Dec. 14 on account of the Christmas entertainments. The musical announcements for Feb. 8 also include concerts by students of the Royal Academy of Music, and the Kensington School of Music.

MARRIAGES.

The marriage of the Duque de Santofia, a Grandee of Spain, with Mdlle. Clarita de Murrieta, younger daughter of the Marques and Marquesa de Santurce, was celebrated at the Oratory, Brompton, on Jan. 29. The Prince of Wales graced the ceremony by his presence. The bridesmaids comprised Mdlle. de Mitjans, sister of the bridegroom; the Hon. Muriel and Hon. Marie Brassey, daughters of Lord Brassey; Miss Joan Nevill, Miss Violet Gathorne-Hardy, and Miss Constance Barron. Mr. Francis de Murrieta, cousin of the bride, acted as bridegroom's best man. The Bishop of Southwark performed the nuptial rite.

In St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on Jan. 29, was solemnised the marriage of Colonel the Hon. Henry Crichton, formerly of the 10th Hussars, brother of the Earl of Erne, with the Lady Emma Baring, daughter of the Earl of Northbrook. Colonel the Hon. Charles Crichton, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man; and the bridesmaids were Ladies Evelyn and Mabel Crichton, the Hon. Mildred Sturt, the Hon. Susan Baring, Miss Mary Bonham Carter, and Miss Cicely Gausson. The bride was led to the altar by her father, who gave her away. The wedding service was fully choral, the Bishop of Guildford officiating, assisted by the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, the Rev. S. E. Lyon, and the Rev. W. French.

The marriage of Mr. Frederick Samuel Beaumont with Miss Adderley, adopted daughter of Sir Augustus and Lady Adderley, was solemnised at the parish church of the Surrey village of Effingham on Jan. 29. The bride was given away by Sir Augustus, her bridesmaids being Miss Ethel Nicholas and Miss Mary Adderley. The Rev. Edmund Nicholas and the Rev. E. F. Bayley officiated. The church was crowded.

A large congregation assembled in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on Jan. 30, to witness the marriage of Mr. Henry Neville Gladstone, third son of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., with Miss Maud Rendel, second daughter of Mr. Stuart Rendel, M.P. The church was crowded in every part. The chancel was beautifully decorated with tall palms and a profusion of flowering plants, principally arum lilies. Outside the church an enormous crowd had collected, and enthusiastically cheered the ex-Premier and Mrs. Gladstone on their arrival. The bridesmaids were Miss Daphne and Miss Clare Rendel, sisters of the bride; the Hon. Sarah Lyttelton, sister of Viscount Cobham; Miss Katie Wickham, niece of the bridegroom; Miss Lushington, Miss Noble, Miss Angela Kay-Shuttleworth, and Miss Constance Rendel; the last two being cousins of the bride. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., brother of the bridegroom, acted as his best man. The Rev. Stephen Gladstone, M.A., Rector of Hawarden, and brother of the bridegroom, officiated, assisted by the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, Rector of St. Margaret's, and the Rev. Edward Stuart Talbot, Vicar of Leeds. Mr. Stuart Rendel gave his daughter away. During the service a hymn, written for the occasion by Mr. Austin Dobson, a relative of the bride, and set to music by his daughter, was sung by the choir.

The marriage of Mr. Thomas Colyer Fergusson, elder son of Sir James Ranken Fergusson, Bart., with Miss Beatrice Stanley Max Müller, daughter of Professor Max Müller, took place on Jan. 30, in Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford. Those attending the ceremony included the Earl of Mar and Kellie, Lady Mary Carr Glyn, and Sir James and Lady Fergusson. Mr. E. F. Nugent was the bridegroom's best man; the bridesmaids were Miss Walrond, Miss Krno, and Miss Cecily Grenfell, cousins of the bride; Miss Violet Liddell, Miss Percival, and Miss Byrd MacCall. The bride was given away by her father. The Dean of Christ Church performed the ceremony, assisted by the Hon. and Rev. Edward Carr Glyn, cousin of the bride. Princess Christian presented the bride with an umbrella mounted in tortoiseshell and gold.

The marriage of Mr. Gerald Portal to Lady Alice Bertie was celebrated at Cairo on Feb. 1. A Reuter's telegram states that the bride and bridegroom subsequently started for Rome.

Mr. W. F. Archibald has been appointed a Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature.

The Government of Norway and Sweden have sent to Lord Mostyn a set of silver medals for presentation to the crew of the Point of Ayr life-boat, for saving the crew of twenty hands of the Swedish ship Mount Pleasant, which went ashore at the mouth of the river Dee during a terrible gale on Oct. 7 last. The life-boat put off to the rescue of the sailors, whose vessel, laden with timber from Quebec for Liverpool, had drifted into the dangerous banks between the Dee and the Mersey, and her three masts had been slung overboard.



THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.—MUTINY OF EMIN PASHA'S MEN AT LABORE: BEGINNING OF THE REBELLION.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. A. J. MOUNTENEY-JEPHSON, A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION.

"The soldiers, with loud cries and execrations, surrounded the Pasha and Mr. Jephson, and, holding their rifles, pointed these weapons at them."—(SEE THE NARRATIVE, PAGE 179.)

"The behaviour of some of the Pasha's people during the first few risky minutes was peculiar. Rajab Effendi, the Pasha's secretary, hid behind a tree, where he was found afterwards in a state of collapse. Araf Effendi, a clerk, a queer-looking little Circassian, ran off screaming into Selim Bey's hut, where he hid himself under an angaref (bedstead), crying out that the Pasha and Mr. Jephson were murdered, while the black sluts of the household kept up a running chorus of screams. But Vita Hassan, the Pasha's apothecary, a Jew of Tunis, immediately on seeing what was happening rushed off to the Pasha's house, and brought him his revolver. The Pasha's and Mr. Jephson's orderlies, and his boy Binza, also behaved with much courage, and were a great help in quieting



CORNER VIEW FROM THE PRIVATE GARDENS.



TUMBLING IN THE QUICKSANDS.



CANOEING AT TAKOW, FORMOSA.

SKETCHES IN THE ISLAND OF FORMOSA.

SKETCHES IN FORMOSA.

The early Spanish navigators of the Chinese seas admired the wooded heights of a large island past which they sailed, nearly two hundred miles east of the mainland coast, to the north of the Philippines, and midway between the Gulf of Tonquin and the southern extremity of Japan. They called it Formosa, or "The Beautiful"—and its scenery deserves that name; but the Chinese call it Tai-wan. This island, opposite the Chinese ports of Amoy and Swatow, and far north-east of Hong-Kong, is little visited by European commerce. It is claimed as part of the Chinese Empire, but there are settlements only on the western coast. The native Malay population is supposed to exceed one million, chiefly inhabiting the hills in the interior and on the eastern shore; the island is about half the size of Ireland. A central range of volcanic mountains, with extinct craters, rises to peaks 12,000 ft. high, and the lower ridges, near the coast, overlooking fertile and well-watered plains, are covered with forest verdure. Mr. Edmund Hornby Grimani, who resided some months at Takow, on the south-west coast, and made an excursion on horseback, with two friends from Bankimsing, a Pehuhuan village where there is a Spanish missionary college, into the highlands, furnishes us with an interesting description of some parts of the country, and with a series of Sketches. The first two Sketches, however, published this week, do not require so much comment. His residence was on the shore of a lagoon, where he delighted in paddling his own canoe along the banks overhung with profuse and diverse semi-tropical vegetation, the bamboo groves being most luxuriant in Formosa. An adventure on the journey above mentioned, in attempting to ford the Tang-Kang River, the approach to which is embarrassed by deep quicksands, is the subject of another Sketch; but we have more Illustrations in hand.

MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.

Nineteenth Century.—Professor Huxley, who usually speaks twice, finds himself obliged to explain that his essay on the "Natural Inequality of Man"—which, *per se*, is a truism—was intended to put down those, if there be any, who assert that all men have a right to an equal share of property. Professor Vambéry forecasts the transformation of Central Asia, in its material, economic, and commercial conditions, by Russian government, but does not expect that the Turkomans and other Asiatic races will adopt European civilisation. The recent application of "processes," instead of wood-engraving, to illustrated books and newspapers, is criticised by Mr. Henry Blackburn, who urges that these methods should be used with more regard to artistic considerations. The late secretary to the Chinese Legation here, Fung Yee, largely and precisely expounds the grand scheme of railway construction in China; but unfortunately, since this article was written, news has reached us from Peking that the scheme is to be set aside. The history of the too famous gaming establishments on the Riviera, especially that of Monte Carlo, is sketched by Mr. Fraser Rae, who thinks their evils have been much exaggerated. General Sir John Adye suggests three measures—retirement of seniors by pension, readjustments of rank, and promotion by selection—to improve the prospects of junior officers in the Army. The botany and zoology of the Pampas of South America, described by Mr. W. H. Hudson, present an interesting study, which is ably and eloquently treated. The Rev. Dr. Jessopp, with sound historical and antiquarian learning, and with amusing touches of shrewd, pungent humour, discourses in the form of a popular lecture on the foundations of the English land-law, contending that property in land was actually "nationalised," the Crown being the supreme landlord. An observant traveller in Crete, Mr. Charles Edwards, author of a book on that island which we have noticed, describes the character of the Sphakiot mountaineers now in revolt against Turkish rule. Mr. T. E. Kebbel, a Conservative politician, writing on party prospects, woos Lord Hartington and the Liberal Unionists to a fusion. The essay on Dante, by Mr. J. W. Cross, does not go too far, we think, in exhibiting the unreality and inconsistency of the poet's theological views, as represented by the "Divina Commedia," but seems to overrate his importance in modern estimation. Sir Edmund Hay Currie's account of two years' experience in the working of the People's Palace at the East-End of London is decidedly encouraging; and we can attest the value of his kindly and judicious personal superintendence, which has mainly ensured its success.

Contemporary Review.—The federal union of the several Australian Colonies is a desirable object, but it is one not to be vehemently advocated by writers in England, save by men like Sir Charles Duffy, a retired Australian statesman, whose views on this question we must receive with silent sympathy. Archdeacon Farrar's tribute to the memory of the late Bishop Lightfoot, a great scholar and good clergyman, was amply deserved. Four Oxford college tutors or lecturers, who have been examiners in the School of Modern History, reply to the charges that Professor Thorold Rogers has brought against the manner of examination. Mr. Frank Hill, a thoughtful student of political history and principles, adduces reasons for holding that the Monarchy, in our Constitution, has its advantages; which nobody will deny, we are sure, in the reign of Queen Victoria; or in that of her eldest son, we trust, or in that of her grandson. The novels of Mr. Baring Gould, says a critic, Mr. J. M. Barrie, as we have often said, are powerful, but not so pleasant as they might be with a larger infusion of genial sympathy. Canon Driver goes deep into the problems of the composition of the Pentateuch or Hexateuch, but concludes, to our satisfaction, that members of the Church of England are free to hold their own opinions of the authorship of the Old Testament books, and of Old Testament history. Anybody who cares to know whether Daniel Defoe was twice married, as his biographers suppose, or whether he had only one wife, may consult the painstaking inquiry of Mr. G. A. Aitken. The arguments against an Eight Hours' Labour Bill are steadfastly maintained by Mr. R. B. Haldane, M.P., in opposition to Mr. Sydney Webb. A rather contemptuous account of Buddhism, as understood and practised in Thibet, is supplied by Mr. Graham Sandberg, as an antidote to the poetical and metaphysical predilection for a refined version of that mystical creed. The notes of a worthy captain of a sailing-vessel, which once carried General Gordon as a passenger from the Mauritius to Capetown, report some anecdotes of his habits and conversation on board. Mr. C. H. Sargent disputes the propositions of Mr. Fletcher Moulton concerning the equity of imposing taxation on ground landlords. The expediency of a party fusion between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists is discussed by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who thinks it would be an unwise step.

Fortnightly Review.—The faults of Portuguese administration in East Africa are severely reprobated by Mr. Daniel Rankin, who was six years in the Consular service in the Zambesi region. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who has written so cleverly about India in *Blackwood*, humorously parodies the oratorical tirades of certain Hindoo and Mussulman political agitators, in an imaginary letter from one of them visiting

London. The problem of a Land Purchase scheme for Ireland occupies Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P. Why should Mr. W. H. Mallock feel himself called upon to draw the portrait of Mr. Labouchere? He certainly does not flatter the person whom he calls a political Puck and a political Caliban. A short story, "Was it a Crime?" by Madame Amélie Rives Chanler, leaves a painful impression. Mr. J. Theodore Bent, who is often on a literary cruise in Greek or Turkish waters, visits the ancient Bithynian city of Nicæa, where the Nicene Creed was settled by the famous Ecclesiastical Council, and finds it now quite a Turkish town. On schools of art and technical schools, as managed in France and Austria, and on the improvements to be made in England, Lady Dilke has something to say. English and American characteristics are contrasted by Mr. W. Morton Fullerton, while Russian characteristics are further defamed by Mr. E. B. Lanin; but we recommend a wholesome scepticism with regard to all general estimates of the national characteristics of a foreign people. Miss Marion Hepworth Dixon, from personal acquaintance, describes the highly gifted, enthusiastic, romantic, unhappy Russian girl Marie Bashkirtseff, a young artist in Paris, who died six years ago. The late excellent Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa, Sir Hercules Robinson, deliberating on the best settlement of Swaziland, is of opinion that it should, on certain conditions, be handed over to the Transvaal.

Universal Review.—Political sermons are unavoidable, like those on religion; but the select congregation sitting below the pulpit too often goes away and does what it is used to do every other day of the week. So Mr. Frank Hill's wise discourse on "Democracy and Progress" may be creditable to the preacher, but affairs will go on, in general, much as before. "A Symposium on Influenza," which means a collection of invited medical testimonies and opinions, combined with an historical sketch of the spread of that epidemic disease, edited by Dr. R. Sisley, is likely to attract notice. Mr. W. Oakhurst's religious poem, "A Creed of To-day," is earnestly Christian, while it expresses a firm resolve to seek Truth. "The Wages of Sin," a story by Lucas Malet, is continued. Mr. Hordern's reminiscences of Anglo-Indian life tend to modify and correct some enticing notions of its pleasantness, but show that it may be rendered tolerable by prudent conduct. The peculiarities of Scottish criminal law, jurisdiction, procedure, and appeal, compared with English, are explained by Mr. J. C. Watt. Mr. H. D. Traill's burlesque story of the Romans in Britain, and of the "Armourer of the Twentieth Legion," with gout in the stomach, at Aquæ Solis, now the city of Bath, taking the medicinal waters, is sufficiently amusing. The late Paris Exhibition is described with some freshness by Mrs. Beale, and is copiously illustrated with engravings, which are furnished also to most of the other articles in this publication.

National Review.—On the inadequacy of some doctrines of political economy, and on the mischievous effects of strikes and trades unions, Sir Guilford Molesworth offers discerning remarks; he advocates the establishment of equitable "Councils of Conciliation" to settle disputes between masters and workmen. The fairy mythology of Ireland, which is a delightful field of charming fancies, is explored by C. S. Boswell, a learned and tasteful student of such lore. The Rev. A. M. Wilcox exposes the unfairness of Church preferment with regard to men of competent acquirements and talents among the unbenefited clergy. Leopardi's poem of the imaginary meditations of mummies in a museum suggests to Mr. Patrick Maxwell a conversation of mummies with Professor Ruysch at Amsterdam. Lord Fortescue advises the present Ministry to be cautious in its proposals of Irish Local Government. The regulation of public-houses for the promotion of temperance is considered by Mr. R. E. Macnaghten in a practical point of view. An Orientalist scholar, Mr. C. J. Pickering, reviews the works of the great Persian poet, Firdausi. Mr. Cecil Parr relates a tour in Corsica. Some recent books of verse are critically inspected by Mr. W. Watson. The Hon. Gathorne Hardy's report of sea-dredging around the Hebrides is an agreeable contribution to natural history.

New Review.—A reflecting Unionist, Mr. G. Wyndham, M.P., cites historical proof of the impracticability of going on with a separate Irish Parliament. "The Deterioration in English Society" is an alarming title, by which Mr. Hamilton Auld signifies that the rich fashionable people of the day are extremely vulgar. Miss Harriet Weston's "Pleasant Prelate" is not the late Bishop Fraser, or Bishop Wilberforce, but Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus Theodosius, an Italian who was Bishop of Poitiers at the end of the sixth century, and who wrote much graceful poetry. Mr. G. Saintsbury denounces Republicanism. Mr. E. Copping revives the squalid memory of that eccentric, half-insane hermit Lucas, who formerly lived alone in a filthy den between Hitchin and Stevenage. Sir Richard Temple surveys the imperfect defences of our naval stations in the Eastern seas. Mr. Henry James concludes his novelette, "The Solution." The studies of contemporary public characters proceed with that of Mr. Parnell.

Blackwood's Magazine.—The personal gossip of half a century, "In the Days of the Dandies," again takes the foremost place. One of the English or American colonists of Haifa, in Syria, who settled there with Mr. Laurence Oliphant, relates his experiences of dishonest tax-gatherers. The history of the town of Boston in Lincolnshire is related by Mr. J. E. Locking from municipal records. A lady writer censures the affectation of mannishness in too many of our maidens. The story of "Lady Baby" is ended. There is something of politics, and some poetry.

Macmillan's Magazine.—Mrs. Oliphant approaches the conclusion of "Kirsteen." Two sonnets are dedicated by Mr. Aubrey De Vere to the memory of Browning. An Oxford man cries out loudly at the changes of late years in the aspect of that University, with the sectarian colleges and the extension lectures. "Yussuf," a strong writer of verse, who is suspected to be Mr. Rudyard Kipling, as good a writer of prose, gives us another Afghan story in the form of a ballad. "Nino Diablo," by Mr. W. H. Hudson, is a tale of Spanish life among the wild Indians in South America.

Longman's Magazine.—"Virginia," by Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A., a story of the first French Revolution, is now well on its way. Miss Jean Ingelow's "History of an Infancy" has much interest, as throwing light on the workings of a child's mind. There is a good account of snails by Mr. Arthur Somerset.

Murray's Magazine.—The death and last thoughts of Browning at Venice are the subject of a fine poem, "The Poet's Home-going," by the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. Mr. W. E. Norris continues "Marcia." Count Gleichen was twelve hours in New York, and found it an uncomfortable city for passing travellers. Football players will appreciate Mr. M. Shearman's examination of the "Union" and the "Association" rules. Mr. Victor Morier's wanderings in Siberia are continued by the route up the Obi to Tobolsk.

The other monthly magazines contain various articles of fair quality, but there is no space for detailed notice of them here.

AMERICA REVISITED
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

NEW YORKERS GOING HOME.

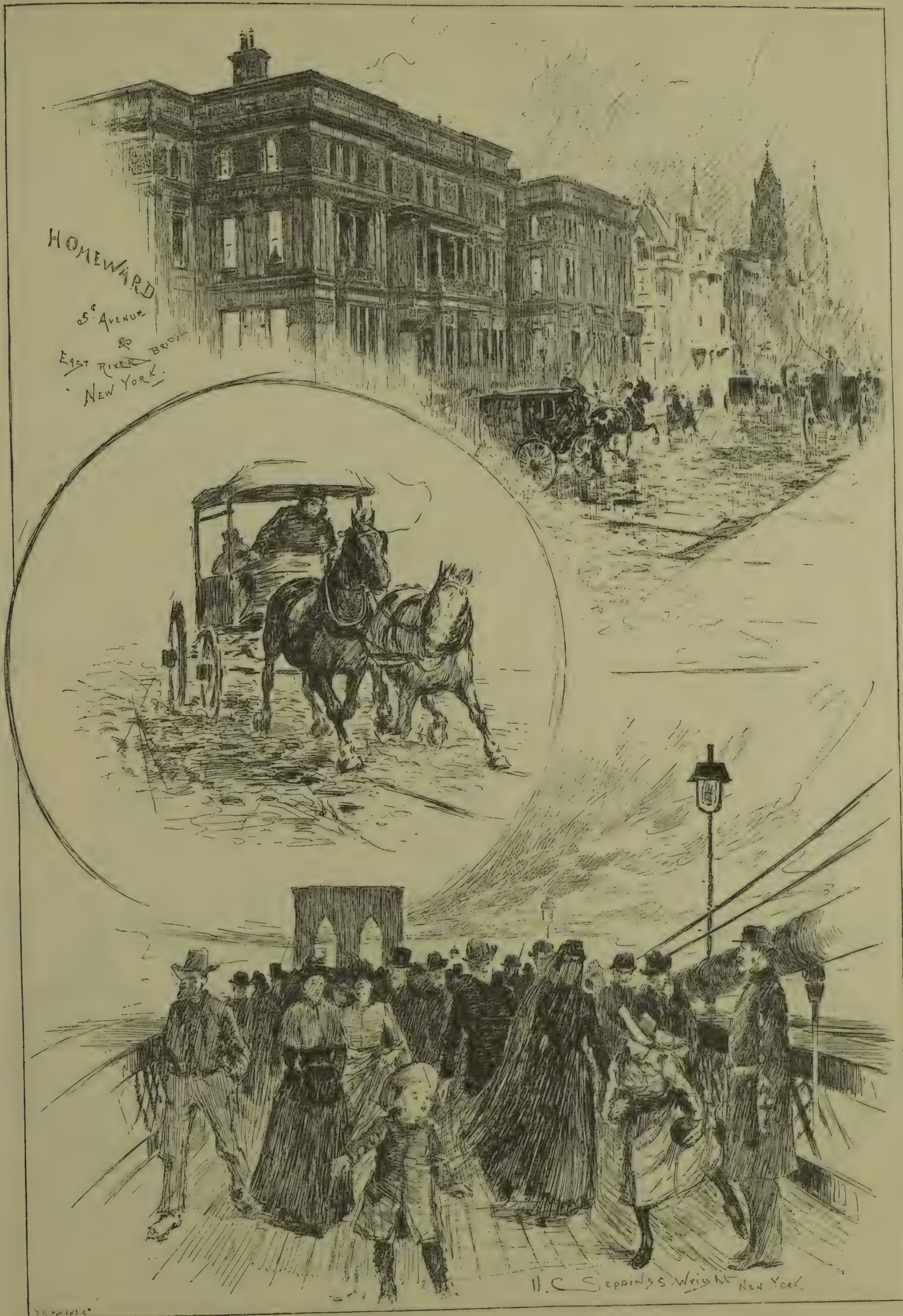
It was a rainy evening when our Artist made his sketch of Fifth-avenue, merchants and others who occupy this fashionable quarter taking their way homeward after the business of the day. The locality is remarkable. The three prominent houses depicted are the residences of the Vanderbilts. Two houses communicate with each other. The third, with its white front and artistic turrets, is the residence of W. K. Vanderbilt, the head of the well-known family. Beyond are the towers of St. Thomas's Episcopal Church and the Presbyterian Church, the pastor of the latter being the Rev. Dr. John Hall, New York's most popular clergyman. Opposite the houses of the Vanderbilts, but not represented in our Sketch, is St. Patrick's Cathedral, the most-important ecclesiastical building in the city. It occupies the entire block on the east side of Fifth-avenue, between Fifthieth-street and Fifty-first-street, extending in the rear almost as far as Madison-avenue. It was projected by Archbishop Hughes, in 1850, and has been erected upon plans drawn by Mr. James Renwick. The corner-stone was laid in 1858, in the presence of a hundred thousand persons. The architecture is of the Decorated style of the thirteenth century.

Fifth-avenue is a broad straight street, beginning at Washington-square and running to Fifty-ninth-street, thence along the east side of Central Park and to Mount Morris Park at One-hundred-and-twentieth-street, which breaks its continuity. "It begins," says "Appleton's Dictionary," "again at One-hundred-and-twenty-fourth-street, and runs to the Haarlem River. From the southern part to the central part it presents nearly three miles of splendid residences and magnificent churches. The portion of the avenue near Fourteenth-street and Twenty-third street and Union and Madison-squares is gradually being encroached upon by business houses, but for the most part its fashionable private character remains intact." Most of the houses are built of a warm brown stone, which is in remarkable contrast with the one or two white marble edifices, notably the famous Stewart building, of which one has heard so much in a recent *cause célèbre*.

Fifth-avenue indulges in a very notable and interesting church parade—an old-fashioned English custom which has latterly been revived in London. Fitzjohns-avenue, on Sunday after morning service, has a good deal in common with Fifth-avenue at about the same time. Many English travellers, writing about America, have referred to the peculiarly dainty and delicate type of American female beauty, which is especially conspicuous on Sundays in Fifth-avenue. Critics of both countries seem to think it necessary to say a good deal about the physical qualities of their women. In the Anglo-American criticism of Englishwomen, the old scandals are repeated that at forty they are red and fat, while their American sisters are thin and complexionless. The Hawthorne libel is invariably quoted to the effect that after reaching a certain age Englishwomen are "beefy." This expression touched English feeling somewhat keenly, and Hawthorne wished he had not used it, for he liked England, and always felt hereditary sympathies towards her. One recalls Professor Huxley's remarks on this subject at Buffalo, when he addressed there the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He said he had heard of the degeneration of the original American stock, but during his visit to the States he had failed to perceive it. He had studied the aspect of the people in steam-boats, on the cars, and in the streets. He met with very much the same kind of faces as those in England, except as to the men, who shaved more than Englishmen. As to stature, he thought American men had the best of the comparison. While he would not use Hawthorne's words, he said, in respect to the size of American ladies, he thought the average of fine, portly women fully as great on one side of the Atlantic as on the other. We agree with the philosopher, and to this extent—that the retaliatory criticism of "scragginess and falling off at thirty" is a libel on American ladies. We have seen more handsome women of forty in America and England than in any other part of the world, and the pretty girls of America are praised in every English book of travels. As for the "figure," which some of the American writers in England say so much about, that is a mystery upon which we will not venture to enter; for London vies with New York in the ingenious manufacture of those "lines of beauty" which are advertised as necessary to the "female form divine."

The lower sketch of our page of Illustrations represents one of the footways on the most remarkable bridge in the world, which is nearly half a mile long and one hundred and twenty feet above the river, connecting New York with Brooklyn, which is the third largest city in the United States, lying just across the East River from New York, at the west end of Long Island. Communication was formerly by ferry only. There are still numerous boats engaged in this service; but the bridge has become the great highway between the two cities, practically making them one. The traffic along this wonderful suspension bridge is as varied as it is constant, from morning till night, from night till morning, all the year round. It combines a railroad, carriage-way, and foot-paths, all upon a large and impressive scale. The small cars, worked by tiny locomotives, never cease to run; and this is a peculiarity of New York which, introduced into London, would be regarded as an inestimable boon by thousands of people who have to work late into the night and sometimes far into the early morning. The Brooklyn Bridge trains, communicating with the elevated roads that intersect New York, are open for passenger traffic all night, as are also at intervals the street tramways. Our Illustration represents one of the footways or promenades of the Brooklyn Bridge, sometimes called the East River Suspension Bridge, towards the close of the day, with pedestrians of all classes on their way homewards either to New York or its sister city—a picturesque and well-dressed crowd. It is characteristic of the American woman, whatever her position, to dress well. Sometimes comparisons upon this point are made to the disadvantage of English ladies; but as a rule Englishwomen, certainly in the metropolis, rarely dress for the street, while American ladies make little or no distinction between dressing for carriage exercise or fashionable calls and the ordinary visit on foot to the nearest shop or restaurant; and it is a common thing, as is well known, for American ladies, unattended, to take luncheon or dinner in the dining-rooms of the city. It is somewhat trite now to mention the fact that a woman may travel alone from one end of the States to the other, and every man seems pledged to her safety and comfort. The fact that she is alone gives her immunity from insult. In London a pretty girl or a well-dressed woman cannot walk along any leading thoroughfare without running the risk of being insulted by the very class of gentlemen from whom in America they would be sure to meet with respectful consideration. It must be confessed that the treatment which women receive in omnibuses and on railways, and the rudeness to which they are subjected in the London streets, are a reflection upon our civilisation.

JOSEPH HATTON.



OUR ARTIST IN AMERICA: NEW YORK CITY PEOPLE GOING HOME.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 12, 1887), with two codicils (dated June 7 and July 23, 1889), of the Right Hon. Evelyn, Viscount Falmouth, J.P., D.L., late of Tregothnan, Cornwall; Mereworth Castle, Kent; and No. 2, St. James's-square, who died on Nov. 6 last, was proved on Jan. 27 by Colonel the Right Hon. Evelyn Edward Thomas, Viscount Falmouth, C.B., the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £137,000. The testator charges all his manors, messuages, lands, and hereditaments in the county of Cornwall with the payment of an annuity of £3500 to his wife, and, at her death, of annuities of £600 to each of his two daughters Mary Elizabeth Frances Catherine and Edith Maria, for life or until marriage; of annuities to his four sisters and his brother Edward James, with certain benefits of survivorship; of an annuity of £400 to his sister-in-law the Hon. Mrs. Mary Boscawen; and of an annuity of £50 to Sarah Gibbs, an old nurse in the family; and, subject thereto, devises all his Cornwall estates to the use of his eldest son, the present Viscount, for life; with remainder to his son Evelyn Hugh John, for life; with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male. Certain farms and lands in the parishes of Brenchley and Pembury, Kent, he settles on his third son, John Richard de Clare; and Mereworth Castle and the rest of his Kentish estates he leaves to his wife, for life, and gives her a power of charging same, after which they devolve according to a settlement executed by him and his eldest son. The testator bequeaths £5000, the balances to the credit of their joint account at Messrs. Child and Co.'s, and at his bankers' at Maidstone and Plymouth, the rents due and in the hands of his agents in respect of his Kent estates, all his furniture, pictures, books, and effects (except plate), jewellery (except a diamond necklace), live and dead farming stock, horses (except thoroughbreds), implements, &c., at Mereworth, to his wife; all the remainder of his furniture and effects, and such plate and horses and carriages as she may select, for life; £25,000, and a further sum of £25,000 on the death of his wife, upon trust, for his said third son; £10,000, and a further sum of £10,000 on the death of his wife, upon trust, for each of his said two daughters; £10,000, upon death of his wife, upon trust, for his daughter the Hon. Mabel Emma Williams, in addition to the sum settled upon her on her marriage; £5000 and all moneys due, or in the hands of his agents, in respect of his Cornwall estates, to his eldest son; £500 to each of his other children; the plate with the falcon and baron's crest, with the bar's head and baron's crest, or with the falcon and bar's head singly, subject to his wife's life interest, to his second son, Hugh Le Despencer, and £250 to his third son, in lieu of plate; £1000 to his agent and

auditor, Mr. Julian Hill; £100 to his valet, Stephen Head; and £500 each to his trustees, the Hon. Algernon S. A. Annesley and Alexander Samuel Leslie Melville. Certain furniture and effects, plate, and the said diamond necklace are made heirlooms to go with the estates. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust—first, to pay off any charges on his Kent estates, and then as if capital arising, under the Settled Land Act of 1882, from his Cornwall estates.

The will (dated Sept. 19, 1884), with a codicil (dated Nov. 16, 1886), of Mr. Henry North, formerly of Walmer Villa, Roath, Cardiff, and late of Bryn Rhos, Llanishen, Glamorgan-shire, who died on Dec. 11 last, was proved on Jan. 23 by William Henry Lewis and John Gunter Matthews, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £54,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his daughter, Mrs. Martha Maria Lewis; £2000, upon trust, for her; £2000, upon trust, for Mrs. Matilda North, the widow of his late son William, during life or widowhood; an annuity to his sister, Maria Drake; and 50 guineas to each of his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to his children, and to Caroline, the widow of his late son Augustus, and their children.

The will (dated March 25, 1880) of Miss Charlotte Coleman, late of No. 32, Medina Villas, Cliftonville, Sussex, who died on Oct. 15 last, was proved on Jan. 24 by Edward Fisher, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. The testatrix, after giving legacies to relatives, servants, and others, devises all her freehold and copyhold estates and bequeaths the residue of her personal estate to her sister, Emma Coleman, absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 1, 1887) of Miss Honoria Flora Leighton, late of Charlton Kings, near Cheltenham, was proved on Jan. 24 by the executors, David Clarence Russel Leighton and Edmund Thomas Leighton, the brothers of the deceased, the value of the personal estate amounting to £19,000. The deceased devises her real estate to her brother David Clarence Russel Leighton, to whom she also bequeaths her household furniture and effects. After specific bequests of jewellery to her eleven nieces and others, and pecuniary legacies of £100 to six of her godchildren and others, the testatrix directs the residue of her estate to be divided into four equal shares, three of which (including the whole of her plate) are to go to her two brothers and to her sister Amelia Mary, the wife of the Rev. Canon Hopkins, and the remaining fourth share equally among the children of her deceased sister, Isabella Elizabeth Ker.

The will (dated July 7, 1885) of General William Samuel Newton, J.P., late of No. 43, Lowndes-street, who died on Oct. 16, at Eastbourne, was proved on Jan. 27 by Professor Alfred Newton, the brother, and Arthur William Newton, the

son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £18,000. The testator gives £1000 and all his household furniture and effects (except plate), wines, horses and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Louisa Newton; his plate to his wife, for life; an annuity of £300 to his wife, for life, and then to his daughter, Elizabeth Louisa, until marriage; £2000 each to his sons, Arthur William, Horace, and Edgar Frederick; £100 to his said brother; and all his real and personal estate in the Island of St. Croix, West Indies, to his son Arthur William. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his three sons.

The will (dated June 25, 1889) of Mr. William Billings, late of Leicester, who died on Sept. 26 last, was proved on Jan. 21, by Thomas Watts and Leonard Alfred Clarke, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £14,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 to the Mayor, Alderman, and Burgesses of the Borough of Leicester, to be applied for the benefit of the Leicester Permanent Art Gallery; £100 each to the Leicester Infirmary and the Association for the welfare of the Blind, London-road, Leicester; and numerous legacies to relatives, friends, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his cousin, the Rev. Edward Thomas Billings.

The will (dated Nov. 29, 1887), with a codicil (dated Dec. 7, 1887), of Mr. Ernest Gabriel Martell, late of Cognac, Charente, France, who died on March 30 last, at No. 37, Rue Pierre Charron, Paris, was proved in London on Jan. 23 by Madame Catherine Phelan Martell, the widow, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to £6387. The testator gives to his brother, Jean Constantin Edouard Martell, by way of extra portion, all his rights in the marks and goodwill of the firm of Martell and Co., and his undivided half in various stores and appurtenances connected with his business; and subject thereto the usufruct of all his movable and immovable property to his wife, for life. On her death he leaves his undivided share in several other properties, also by way of extra portion, to his brother; 50,000f. to the Hospice of Cognac; 10,000f. to the Charity Office of the Town of Cognac; 20,000f. to the Protestant Schools of the town of Cognac; and 10,000f. to the poor of the Commune of Bourg-Charente. As to the ultimate residue of his property, two thirds are to go to his said brother, and one third to his sister, Madame Firino.

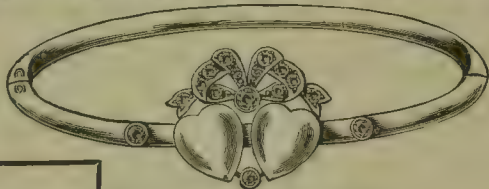
The will (dated May 19, 1887) of the Right Hon. William Barnard, Baron de Blaquière, Great Alnager of Ireland, late of Springfield Crawley, Sussex, who died on Nov. 24 last at Cork-street, Burlington-gardens, was proved on Jan. 28 by the Right Hon. Anna Maria, Baroness de Blaquière, the widow, and William Stacey, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £6000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his wife, absolutely.

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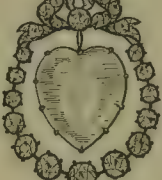


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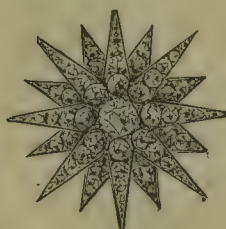
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by a hibernian in
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ART EXHIBITIONS.

MR. MCLEAN'S GALLERY.

A very bright display of water-colour drawings by Mr. E. H. Bearne is now to be seen at the above gallery (7, Haymarket), which cannot fail to interest and attract the lovers of the mediæval and picturesque. It is now two years since Mr. Bearne held a somewhat similar exhibition, and meanwhile he has done but little to keep his name before the public. His appearance, therefore, in so much strength as shown in the present series is all the more noteworthy. During the past two years it would seem that Mr. Bearne has been a wanderer in Germany and Italy, from which he has brought back a number of clever drawings, marked in most cases by strong individuality, and showing a very keen eye for the picturesque side of the cities he has visited. As far as one can judge he is more in sympathy with old German Gothic street life than with any variety of Italian architecture. The old houses at Bamberg (46) overhanging the placidly flowing Regnitz, and the careful study of the western doorway of the Church of St. Laurence (48) at Nuremberg, where—

Above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone, By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own,

are subjects on which Mr. Bearne works *con amore*; while the "Cathedral of Ratisbon" (73), rising like a graceful fountain, is one of his most successful works. The "Cathedral at Augsburg" (89), the "Old Houses at Frankfort" (53), the "Old Bridge of Prague" (38), and the "Quiet Corner in Bamberg" (30) are inspirations to travellers in search of quaint spots; while those to whom the beauties of nature appeal may get hints for the future or memories of the past from the beautiful but not easily accessible "Waterfall above Hallstatt" (62), from the splendid "Schloss Taufers" (86), or in the cool shadow of the "Dolomites" (88), with the green lake beside one and the snow lying deep in the chasms of the rocks above.

South of the Alps Mr. Bearne finds pleasant and even imposing subjects, as, for instance, in the view of "Rome" (51) from below the Castle of St. Angelo; in the "Jews' Quarter at Siena" (37), and in the "Sunset at Capri" (69); and we honestly prefer to see him working on his own lines, and showing his own preference, to the instances in which he seems to have allowed himself to follow Miss Montalba in a somewhat exaggerated manner.

MESSRS. AGNEW'S GALLERY.

It is so seldom that one has an opportunity of seeing any work by Josef Israels of more than cabinet size that the two works now on view (39, Old Bond-street) have more than usual claims upon our notice. Of the two, "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" well deserves the high distinction obtained by its painter at the Paris Exhibition. The scene depicts two old weather-beaten Dutch fishermen landing the anchor to which their boat, which has just run in shore to escape the dirty weather outside, is to be made fast. The idea of strength and per-

severance conveyed by the more prominent figure, as he tramps forward knee-deep in water, carrying his heavy burden, is conceived in Israels' best manner, while the grey mist and rain, in which the pink is half obscured, is rendered with equal truth and poetry. In the other picture, "L'enfant qui dort," we have an enlarged variation of a subject which Israels has treated to the verge of satiety. It belongs to a school of sentimentalism of which he was clever enough to understand the value, and, although the present picture is free from the morbid tone which characterises so many of his works, we cannot divest our mind of the very narrow line by which in the artist's treatment "L'enfant qui dort" would be separated from "L'enfant qui meurt," the object in both being to show the shadows of the fisherman's home and the hardships of his daily life.

Both pictures are to be sold on behalf of the building fund of the New Hospital for Women, a charity which well deserves the interest the generous donor of these two remarkable pictures, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, has for so many years displayed in its development.

MR. DUNTHORNE'S GALLERY.

At the Rembrandt's Head, Vigo-street, is to be seen a choice little collection of "Pictures from a Home County," by Mr. Frank Topham, of which prettiness is the characteristic. Sunlight and happy days are Mr. Topham's favourite themes, and he throws into his work such thorough enjoyment that he carries the spectator away from the toil and murkiness of London streets to the open downs and well-wooded fields of Surrey. What can be prettier than the little child "Among the Thistledown" (3), blown lazily about bright fields, and carried away to the far-off downs, which recall Haslemere and the Hind Head? What can be softer and more delicate in its rich autumn garb than the dell on Leith Hill, through which the "Fern-Gatherer" (8) is carrying home her fragrant bundle? In another key, but still with the same theme, is the pretty group of two girls in the deep shadow of the yew-trees, trying to coax back the dove which has escaped from its wicker cage (5). The sharp contrasts of the hot sun pouring through the foliage are even better brought out in the pictures of "Summer" (14), where the meadow, bathed in sunshine, has a tempting fringe of shadow cast by the overhanging elms. In "Spring" (12), the glade of the wood just breaking into leaf conveys well the feeling of a renewal of life, in which trees, ground, and sky seem to take part. The little episode "Afraid" (16), the edge of a sand-pit, is rather spoilt by the toylike fir-trees in the background; but "A Gleaner" (18), hiding among the stooks of corn, is excellent both in colour and design. Mr. Topham's children are not merely dressed-up models, but living boys and girls who enjoy life and its games, and are seen to advantage in the struggle for mastery in the old waggon (23), which, with its shed, furnishes a well-intrenched castle for its defenders. Altogether, this little exhibition does much to strengthen Mr. Topham's position in public favour.

ROYAL INSTITUTE.

It is not very easy to understand the benefits which Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons hope to confer upon Art by the distribution of five hundred guineas and two hundred diplomas among the best copyists of very second-rate pictures. As, however, they have found Sir John Millais, R.A., Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., Mr. Geo. H. Boughton, A.R.A., and Mr. Solomon J. Solomon ready to aid and abet them in their philanthropic work, it would be impertinent to suppose that no good could come of such a competition. It seems that some twenty thousand "art students" (in the most extended sense of the term) entered for these "stakes." One half were either disqualified or withdrew before completing their work, and of the remainder more than one fourth have obtained publicity for their productions in the spacious galleries of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours. Here are to be seen countless butterflies and apple-blossoms, views near Bettws-y-Coed, donkeys' heads, and coast studies reproduced in every tint and tone. Door-panels, fans, tambourines, looking-glasses, and vases decorated with similar designs fill every spot not allotted to the pictures, and yet, in looking round, the eye is scarcely attracted by any individual work which rises above mediocrity. In vain we have attempted to discover the grounds upon which the judges awarded prizes of fifty guineas to three lucky executants—one self-taught—and ninety-seven other money prizes, ranging in value from two to thirty guineas. There, however, are the facts, and if the unlimited production of works of this character is supposed to bear witness to the diffusion of art-taste in our midst, we can only express our sincere regret at not being able to sympathise with the movement.

In flower-painting and in black and white some of the competitors display a certain deftness, and, had they been more free to select their own subjects, it is possible they may have achieved a greater success. Taken as it stands, the exhibition is a remarkable testimony to the outcome of unrestricted art-teaching in our technical schools.

Our brief notice of Mr. Ernest A. Waterlow, A.R.A., with his portrait last week, may be supplemented by one or two remarks. This artist has distinguished himself rather in water-colours than in oil paintings. In the Royal Academy Exhibition of last season, his picture illustrating one of the old customs of the Galway fishermen was remarkably attractive. The members of the Royal Academy seem to have elected him as a painter, not as a representative of water-colours. Nevertheless, it was the "Old Society" which years before had recognised his distinction in that medium, and had received him as an Associate; and he has contributed, each year, to the exhibition in Pall-mall masterly studies of English country and wayside life. At the exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Oils, in Piccadilly, Mr. Waterlow has two characteristic works in the central gallery—"The Cliff Path" and "The Road to the Village." He is a nephew of Sir Sydney Waterlow.

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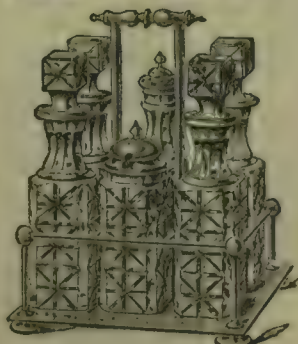
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OBITUARY.

SIR JOHN WOLSELEY, BART.

The Very Rev. Sir John Wolseley, eighth Baronet, of Mount Wolseley, in the county of Carlow, Dean of Kildare and late Rector of St. Michael's, Portarlington, died on Jan. 26, after a short illness. He was born June 9, 1803, the eldest son of the late Mr. Arthur Wolseley, by Jane, his wife, daughter of the late Mr. David Griffiths of Tregarron, Cardiganshire, and succeeded to the title, on the death of his cousin, Sir Clement James Wolseley, seventh Baronet, last October. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in 1826, and entered Holy Orders the next year. He was Rector of St. Michael's, Portarlington, from 1839 to 1887, and was appointed Dean of Kildare in 1859. The deceased clergyman married, Oct. 13, 1832, Anne, daughter of Mr. John Maunsell of Portarlington, which lady died Dec. 14, 1860. Having died without issue, the baronetcy devolves on his cousin Capel Charles, who was born Aug. 24, 1870.

THE BISHOP OF TUAM.

The Hon. and Right Rev. Charles Brodrick Bernard, D.D., Bishop of Tuam, Ardagh, Killala, and Achonry, died on Jan. 31, at the Palace, Tuam. He was born Jan. 4, 1811, the second son of James, second Earl of Bandon, by his wife, daughter of the Hon. and Most Rev. Charles Brodrick, Archbishop of Cashel. He was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford, was ordained in 1835, appointed Vicar of Bantry in 1840, and Rector of Kilbrogan in 1842. In 1867 he was consecrated Bishop of Tuam. His Lordship married,

July 25, 1843, Jane Grace Dorothea, sister of Lord Carbery, and had two sons, of whom the elder, Captain Percy Bernard, survives. He was Private Secretary to the Dukes of Abercorn and Marlborough, when Viceroy of Ireland.

SIR CHANDOS S. H. READE, BART.

Sir Chandos Stanhope Hoskyns Reade, Bart., D.L. of the county of Anglesea, died recently. He was born on Sept. 5, 1851, the only son of Lieutenant George Reade, Madras Army, and grandson of George Compton Reade (second son of the fifth Baronet), by Maria Jane, his wife, daughter of Sir Hungerford Hoskyns, Bart. He succeeded to the title, Jan. 14, 1868, at the decease of his granduncle, Sir John Chandos Reade, the sixth Baronet, and married, March 11, 1880, Maria Emma Elizabeth Conway, only child of Mr. Richard Trygarn Griffith of Carreglwyd and Berw, Anglesea, by whom he had no issue. A distinguished branch of the family, long and honourably settled in America, is now represented by General John Meredith Read, M.A., lately Resident Minister from the United States to the Court of Athens.

SIR HENRY E. LONGDEN, K.C.B.

General Sir Henry Errington Longden, K.C.B., C.S.I., died on Jan. 29. He was born in 1819, the son of Mr. Thomas Hayter Longden, of Ennismore-gardens, J.P. and D.L. He was educated at Eton and Sandhurst, and entered the Army in 1836. He served in the Sutlej, and took part in the battle of Sohraon. His subsequent career was also highly distinguished. He had medals with clasps for the Punjab Campaign, and for the Indian Mutiny. From 1866 to 1869 he acted as Adjutant-

General in India, was appointed Colonel of the Hampshire Regiment in 1883, and of the Lincolnshire Regiment in 1889.

LYON KING OF ARMS.

George Burnett, LL.D., Lyon King of Arms in Scotland, died at his residence in Edinburgh on Jan. 24, deeply regretted. He was third son of the late Mr. John Burnett of Kennay, in the county of Aberdeen, by Mary, his wife, daughter of Mr. Charles Stuart of Duncarn, and was of a younger branch of the old Scottish house of Burnett of Leys. Historian and antiquary of a high order, he was pre-eminently distinguished as a genealogist and herald. For many years he was engaged in editing the Scottish Exchequer Rolls, and had wellnigh completed the work. His loss will be deplored in North Britain; and we earnestly hope that a successor equally eminent may be found for the historic and important office he so worthily filled. He married, in 1870, his cousin Alice, daughter of Mr. J. A. Stuart, and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Captain Fulwar John Colquitt-Craven, of Brockhampton Park, in the county of Gloucester, late of the Grenadier Guards, on Jan. 19, aged forty.

Lady Stapley (Ann Bromley), wife of Sir Harry Stapley, Baronet, and niece and adopted daughter of the late Baroness Montfort, on Jan. 19, at her residence, 98, Victoria-street, S.W., in her thirtieth year.

Admiral Edward Henry Howard, on Jan. 18, at 16, Granville-park, Lewisham, aged fifty-seven. He was the third son of the late Hon. and Rev. Henry Edward Howard, D.D., Dean of Lichfield, son of Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle, and was formerly a naval Aide-de-Camp to the Queen. Among Admiral

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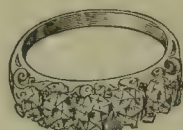
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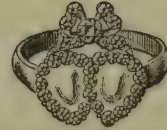
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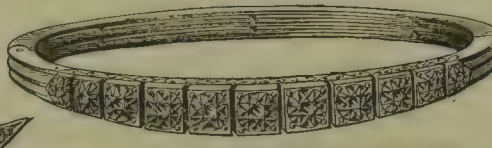
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Howard's many services—too numerous to be recorded here—it may be mentioned that on Sept. 4, 1854, he was severely wounded, when acting as A.D.C. to Captain Burridge, with a landing party in the attack on Petro Paulovski, in Tharup-tahatka, and was invalided to Haslar Hospital. The Admiral married, in 1873, Lucille, daughter of Francis Robertson Lynch, Esq., of Jamaica, who survives him, with two sons and two daughters.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Duberly, late of the 8th Hussars, at Cheltenham, on Jan. 19, aged sixty-eight. He was the youngest son of the late Sir James Duberly of Gaynes Hall, in the county of Huntingdon.

Captain Horace Henry Drummond-Wolff, late of the Royal Fusiliers, on Jan. 19, at Farnham, aged thirty-two. He was the elder son of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Minister and Consul-General at Teheran.

The Hon. Mrs. Dundas (Grace Selina Marion), at North Berwick, N.B., on Jan. 16. She was the only child of Mr. William Scully, and married, in 1872, the Hon. Charles Saunders Dundas, British Consul at Hamburg, brother and heir presumptive of the present Viscount Melville.

Major-General Edward Alfred Green-Emmott-Rawdon of Rawdon, in the county of York, on Jan. 19, at 19, Princes-square, W., aged seventy. He was educated at Addiscombe, and was late Colonel Commandant of the 19th Bengal Native Infantry.

Lord William Thynne, on Jan. 30, at Ditton Park, near Datchet, the seat of his sister, the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch. Lord William had been for a long period an invalid. He was the son of the second Marquis of Bath, by Isabella Elizabeth, third daughter of Viscount Torrington; was born on Oct. 17, 1803, and therefore in his eighty-seventh year. In

1864 he married Belinda, daughter of the late Mr. A. Brumell, but she died childless in 1869. Lord William was formerly Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Grenadier Guards.

Lieutenant-Colonel Franklin Lushington, C.B., late of the Scots Guards, on Jan. 18, at Hansham, Torquay, aged seventy-nine. He was brother of Sir Henry Lushington, third Baronet, and married, in 1851, Anne, daughter of the late General Sir Philip Bainbrigge, K.C.B. She died in 1887.

Mr. Henry Bleckly, J.P., Chairman of the Liverpool Quarter Sessions, on Jan. 24, at Altrincham, in his seventy-eighth year. To this gentleman, one of Mr. Bright's schoolfellows at Ackworth, is largely due the modern rivalry of Lancashire with Staffordshire as a centre of the iron industry.

Mr. John Baillie Baillie of Leys Castle, Inverness-shire, J.P. and D.L., on Jan. 17, aged fifty-three. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. John Frederick Baillie of Leys Castle, by Anne, his wife, daughter and heiress of the late Colonel John Baillie of Leys, M.P., was educated at Harrow, and was formerly Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards.

Lieutenant-General Robert Abraham Logan, late of the 57th Regiment, at Streatham, in his sixty-sixth year. He entered the Army in 1841, and served with his regiment in the Crimea after the fall of Sebastopol in 1855. In the New Zealand War of 1861 he commanded the regiment, and in 1863 he captured the Maori Pah, for which exploit he was created a Companion of the Bath.

Mr. Fred Davies, a leading Welsh colliery proprietor, has intimated his intention to give a thousand pounds to the South Wales University College. This is intended to meet the London Drapers' Company's proposal, with a view to establishing an engineering department at the college.

ART MAGAZINES.

The *Art Journal* for February opens with an article by Mrs. Henry Ady on "Vanishing Rome"—the Rome of the artist and lover of the picturesque, which is rapidly being "improved" off the face of the earth. Mrs. Ady's paper is charmingly illustrated with sketches, by Mr. H. E. Tidmarsh, of many of the places already swept away or doomed to destruction. Mr. Aymer Vallance contributes an able criticism, and some valuable and sensible suggestions, with regard to church decoration and furnishing. Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., and Mr. Fred. A. Eaton continue their interesting account of the Royal Academy in the last century; and Mr. C. Lewis Hind's paper on the portraits of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning comes appropriately just now, when the recent death of the great poet is so generally mourned.

To the *Magazine of Art* Mr. Ford Madox Brown contributes some emphatic words on the subject of our National Gallery, rejoicing in some of our possessions, but criticising many others. Many works catalogued as by great masters he pronounces poor imitations, notably the "Ansidei Raphael," and several pictures attributed to Velasquez. Mr. Spielman's paper on "Artists and Art Criticism" is an energetic protest against the abuse hurled by artists of every kind at their professional critics. Mr. Lewis F. Day writes on "Ornament," a subject he is well qualified to discuss; and Mr. Walter Armstrong continues his article on the Corporation Gallery of Glasgow.

The second of the Rugby international trial matches at football took place at Richmond, on Feb. 1, between teams of the North and South, and resulted in a complete victory for the Southerners.

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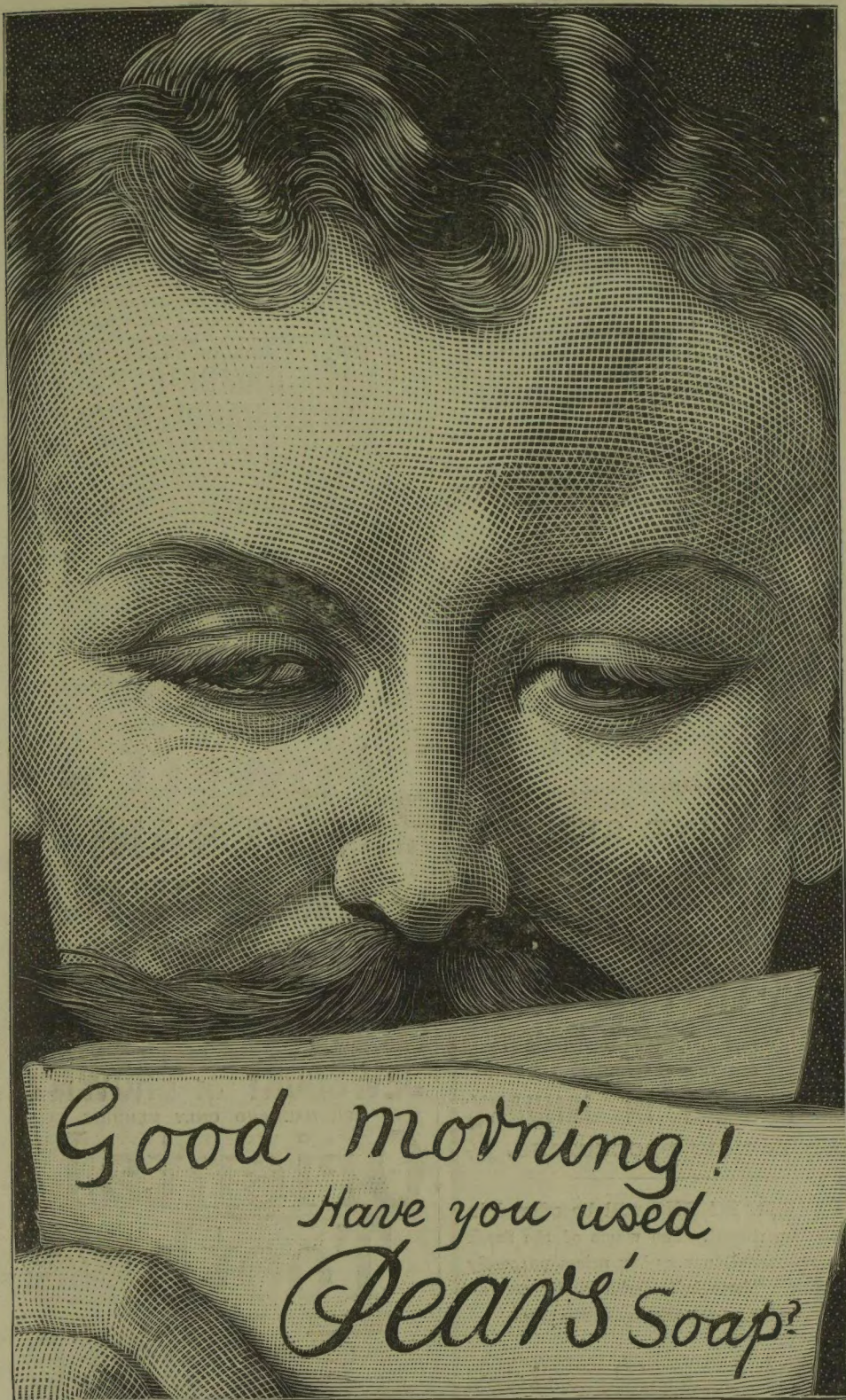
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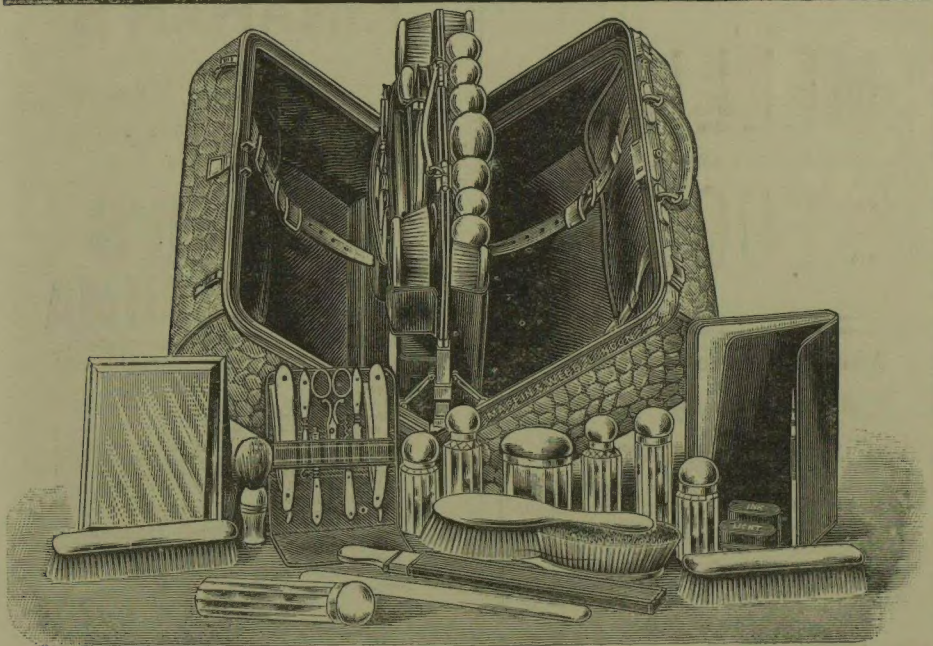
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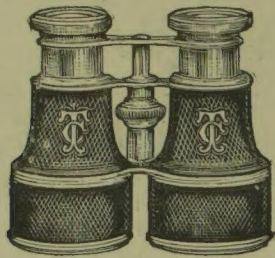
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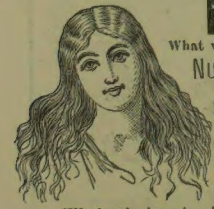
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